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BIOGRAPHY FOR GIRLS;

OR,

MORAL AND INSTRUCTIVE
EXAMPLES

FOR

THE FEMALE SEX.

THIRD EDITION.

BY

MRS. PILKINGTON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY;
AND NEWBERRY, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD;

By J. Cundee, Ivy-Lane.

1800.

THE JOURNAL OF THE

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

PUBLISHED WEEKLY



CHICAGO, ILL.

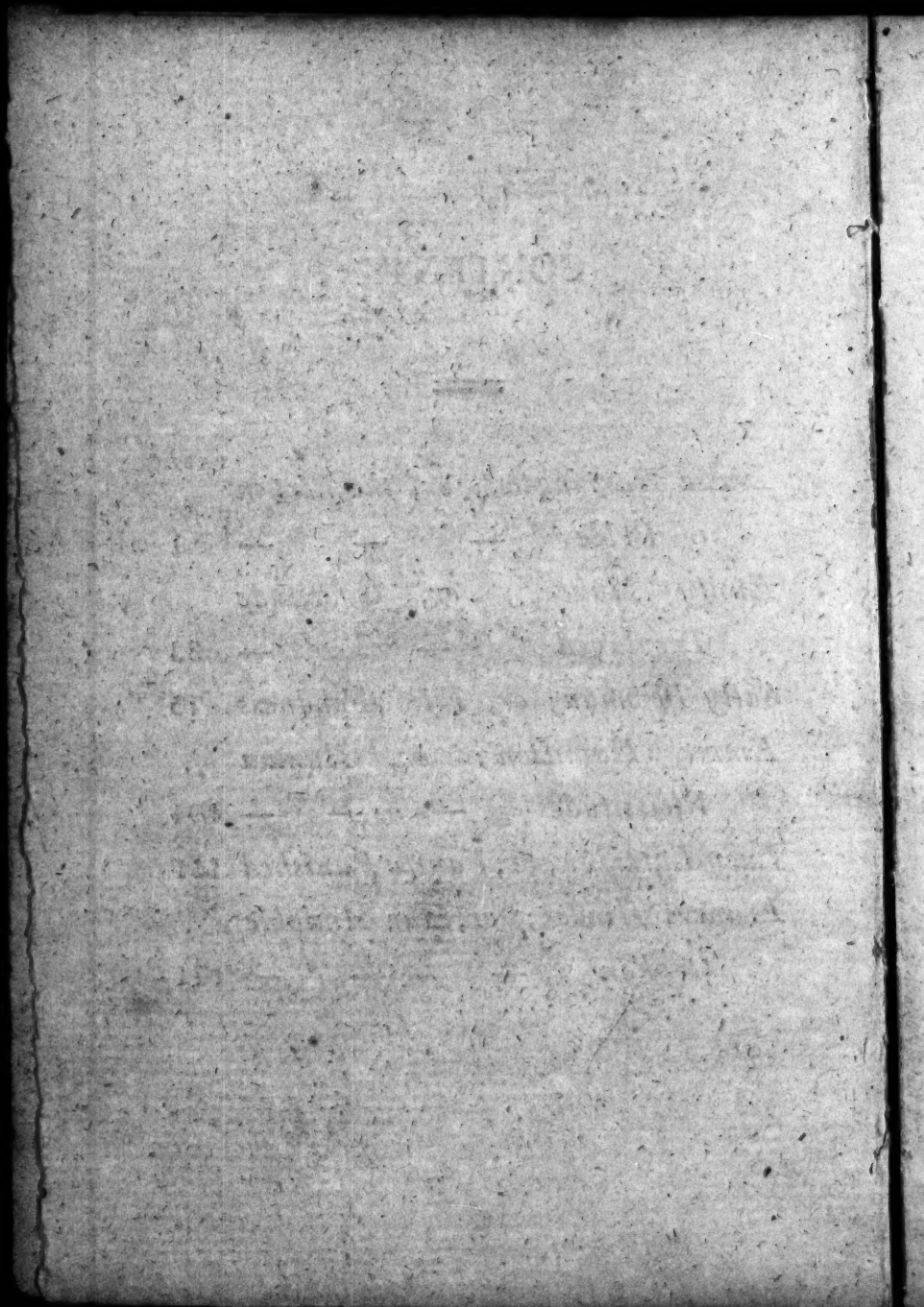
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BIOGRAPHY

FOR

YOUNG LADIES,

LOUISA HARRINGTON;

OR,

THE VICTIM OF PRIDE.

LOUISA HARRINGTON, was the only daughter of a gentleman who had amassed an immense and princely fortune, in the service of the East India Company; and who, returning from that country, after twenty years residence there, united himself to the daughter of an Irish nobleman, whose confined income and nume-

rous family prevented him from associating with the gay world, and made him joyfully accept an alliance, which, had his fortune been in a more prosperous state, he would have rejected and despised.

This combination of Eastern magnificence, and Hibernian pride, was attended with the most unpleasant consequences to both parties; for Mrs. Harrington was continually throwing out the most pointed sarcasms against *low birth*, whilst her husband as constantly retorted upon her by observing that he had money enough in his coffers to buy up half the estates of the Irish nobility. The false estimation, which this misguided pair placed upon *things* of so little value in themselves, was attended with the most unfortunate consequences to their child, who, fancying that in her person the idol which both worshipped was completely centred, thought herself a being of such high importance that

that the rest of the world must absolutely become subservient to her.

This erroneous opinion of her own consequence, was both inspired and encouraged by the folly of her parents; one of whom was continually describing the fine things her immense fortune would enable her to do, when she became a woman; and the other expatiating on the high advantages she would derive from the noble blood from which she was descended.

The unfortunate Louisa, taught from her birth to view objects through a false mirror, naturally became one of the most unamiable of girls; and instead of endeavouring to conciliate the good opinion of those who knew her, seemed absolutely to take pains to get herself despised.

Though Mrs. Harrington thought dancing, French, and music, were indispensable accomplishments, yet as Louisa testified an aversion to learning either,

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she

she was suffered to make her daily lessons as short as she thought proper: and notwithstanding the first masters were engaged to attend her, the few moments that were devoted to their instruction, rendered it impossible for her to benefit by them. She spoke French with some degree of fluency, though with striking *inelegance* and incorrectness, as she would never give herself the trouble of acquiring it grammatically, and merely owed her knowledge of the language to her being first placed under the charge of a French nurse, and afterwards being consigned to the care of a person of the same country, who took upon herself the *title* of *governess*, though she possessed no one requisite for the important office.

Mademoiselle Digonét easily discovered that the only method she could pursue to render her situation either permanent or advantageous, would be to flatter the foibles of her employer, and become blind

blind to the imperfections of her pupil: by that means, she secured the favor of one, and the affection of the other.

About a quarter of a mile from Belmont castle, (which was the name of Mr. Harrington's country residence) lived the clergyman of the parish to which it belonged, and as the rector's garden joined Mr. Harrington's pleasure grounds, some degree of intimacy naturally took place between their children.

Had not Mr. and Mrs. Corbet felt persuaded, that the seeds of virtue, were too firmly rooted in the minds of their children, to be eradicated, either by the precept or example of a girl of Louisa's disposition, they would never have suffered the slightest degree of intercourse between them; but satisfied in a knowledge of the rectitude of their principles, they had no apprehensions of their being perverted, and rather imagined, that by allowing them opportunities of observing the ill

B 3

effects

effects of *false indulgence*, they would feel perfectly resigned to the constraint which it was sometimes necessary to put upon their own inclinations.

One fine morning, in the month of August, as Caroline Corbet and her brother Henry, were busily occupied in cultivating a small slip of garden, which was considered as their own, and which was at once a source of *amusement*, and a scene of *improvement*, (as their father gave them an instructive description of every plant and flower contained therein) they were astonished at hearing themselves accosted at so unusual an hour, by their indolent neighbour, who in a tone of high good humour, informed them she was going with her governess to Portsmouth fair, and begged they would obtain their mamma's permission to join the party.

Elated with joy at the unexpected scheme, the delighted Caroline conjured her

her less sanguine brother to join in the supplication, and throwing down the spade she held in her hand, flew towards the house, promising to return again in five minutes. Upon opening the hall-door, an unexpected difficulty arose, for as Mrs. Corbet was in general a *bad sleeper*, none of the children presumed to enter the apartment, until the sound of her bell convinced them their presence would not be likely to disturb her; and Caroline, upon examining the clock, perceived it wanted an hour and a half to the time they generally received their daily summons.

To wake her mamma, or forego a scheme absolutely big with promised happiness, now appeared indispensibly necessary, and after much consultation upon the method that was to be adopted, it was at length agreed that Caroline should in the most gentle manner enter Mrs. Corbet's apartments, and if she was sleeping,
retire

retire without speaking; but if she was awake, disclose the plan and strongly solicit the expected leave.

Fortunately for Caroline, her mamma's eyes were open; and perceiving the chamber door slowly move, she demanded in a tone of softness, whether she had slept longer than her accustomed time?

"Oh no, mamma," replied the delighted Caroline, "and I hope I have not been so unfortunate as to *wake you*; but as Miss Harrington and her governess are going to Portsmouth fair, and have been kind enough to invite Henry and me to accompany them, I thought you would not be displeased at my coming into the room to ask your permission; and my brother sends both his love and duty, and hopes you will be kind enough to grant us this indulgence, as he last night finished the task papa left him, and has nothing in the world to do to-day.

"I am very happy to hear he has been

so good a boy," replied Mrs. Corbet, pressing the hand Caroline had put in her's, "and should feel the highest gratification in rewarding a mode of conduct, that will give his father so much satisfaction on his return, in the manner you both desire; but *Portsmouth fair*, my love, would not be a place calculated to give either of you pleasure: for you would meet with such an assemblage of *low and vulgar people*; and behold such a scene of drunkenness and riot, that instead of feeling *gratified*, you would experience apprehension: and I am absolutely astonished that Mrs. Harrington should suffer her daughter to mix in a scene so totally improper."

Caroline knew that remonstrance would be vain: and early accustomed to submit without repining, she closed the curtain that was rather open, and silently stole out of the room. Henry was standing impatiently at the door, and before his

sister

sister could quite shut it, exclaimed "Well Caroline, what luck? may we go?"

Had he examined Caroline's countenance, he would have known the question was unnecessary, for in spite of all her attempts to hide them, the unrestrained tears involuntarily dropped from her expressive eyes, and soon convinced him of her ill success.

"But *don't* cry my *Caroline*," said the affectionate boy, kissing away the drops that rapidly chased each other, "for I dare say Miss Harrington will bring you a fairing—and I will give her my Queen Ann's half crown, on purpose to buy something pretty."

Caroline now recollected the promise she had made her friend: and walking slowly down the garden, perceived her impatiently waiting on the other side the rails.

"You need not *speak*, Caroline," exclaimed Louisa, "for I perceive by your countenance,

countenance, you have not succeeded: but I wish with all my heart you had not asked her *leave—a cross creature*; for my governess tells me, that my mamma yesterday promised to take her to call upon Lady Esdale this morning, and if we had only deferred our jaunt a few hours, we could have gone without her knowledge."

"No," replied Caroline, colouring with resentment at the disgraceful epithet Louisa had used, "not if I was to stay at home *for ever*, would I go from it without my mamma's permission: and as to her being a *cross creature*, Miss Harrington, that's an expression both *unjust* and *false*, for few are blest with such a charming temper."

"Well, well, do not be in a passion, Caroline," retorted Louisa, "*your opinion* and *mine* upon the subject of *temper* is only very different: if my mamma was continually to thwart my *inclination*,
oppose

oppose my wishes, and confine me like a prisoner to this garden, I certainly should not think it a proof of her *charming temper*; or if, now I am *fourteen*, I was not suffered to be my own *mistress*, any more than I was when I was *four*, I should not think her affection very *strong*."

The disrespectful manner Louisa had spoken of Mrs. Corbet, so completely exasperated Caroline against her, that had permission been brought that she might accompany her to the fair, it would instantly have been declined; and she took leave of Madame Digonét and her unamiable companion, without a remaining wish of joining the party.

The opposition of sentiments between the two friends, produced similar effects on the minds of both; and Louisa no longer feeling any regret at her disappointment, requested her governess would immediately order the carriage, that they
might

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C

footman

footman did not open the door? This insensibility to the feelings of humanity, exasperated the parent of the unhappy sufferer to such an excess of fury and indignation, that snatching up a stone that lay in his way, he threw it furiously against the coach, declaring, that the life of his child had been *purposely destroyed*, and swearing vengeance against the authors of her destruction.

The cries of Madame Digonét now became violent; and the broken English she spoke, united to her abuse of the sailor who had thrown the stone, tended only to increase his rage; and it was with the greatest difficulty the master of the Inn could get them into the house without endangering their lives. For no sooner did the poor man's comrades hear of the injury his child had received, and the inhuman conduct of those who had been the occasion of it, than they absolutely threw a volley of large stones at the carriage,

riage, and in less than five minutes broke it into a thousand pieces.

Totally insensible to compassion or tenderness, the unfeeling girl resolved not to be frustrated in her scheme of pleasure, and after drinking two or three cups of chocolate, and eating a quantity of rich plumb cake, she requested her governess would desire the Innkeeper to provide them with a carriage to take them to the fair; and whilst they were waiting to have it got in readiness, the waiter announced Mr. Bromley.

"I waited upon you, Madam," said that gentleman, addressing himself to Madame Digonét, "in the character of a *professional man*, to tell you, I have reason to apprehend the unfortunate child's life, whom I have been called upon to attend, will fall a sacrifice to your coachman's want of skill."

"Well, Sir," replied Louisa, not giving her governess time to return an an-

swer, " and how can we *possibly help that* ? she ought to have kept out of the coachman's way, a stupid little animal, for I am sure it was not his fault ; and if he was to watch the motions of all the little *nasty children*, who run about the streets, in all probability he would *break our necks*, for the sake of preserving their *legs*."

Mr. Bromley's astonishment for some moments suspended the faculty of speech ; at length glancing upon her an eye of severity, he exclaimed, " so *young*, and yet so *inhuman* ? Had the *cruelty* of your *sentiments*, young lady, been concealed by the *modesty* of your *feelings*, I might have given you credit for *possessing sensations*, to which I am sorry to find you are a total *stranger* : or, had you suffered your mamma to reply to a conversation, addressed to herself, I could never have imagined that so lovely a countenance,

countenance, had concealed so adamantine an heart."

"*Mamma*, indeed," said Louisa, with a scornful toss of the head, "I'd have you to know, Sir, that my *mamma* is a very different looking woman to my governess, though I do not mean to offend her by saying it: but *my mamma* is a lady of one of the *first families* in *Ireland*; and would never suffer me to be treated in this insulting manner, by a mere *Doctor Slop*, who interferes in matters in which he has no concern."

"Your illustrious descent, my little Hibernian Princess," replied the benevolent Mr. Bromley, "rather *degrades* than *exalts* your fancied consequence; for when *noble blood*, descends to *ignoble conduct*, we think the source from whence it flows is both corrupt and noxious!" Then turning to the still silent governess, "but Madam," continued he, "my business was to say, that as the coach-

man who drove you, and that *elevated young lady*, was the occasion of the unfortunate accident, I cannot but deplore. Mr. Harrington *must be answerable* for all the expences which attend it."

"*Expance*, Monsieur! as to dat, mi Lord Anglais, vil not mind dat; for he is as genenereux as de Prince—and has more money dan le Roi!—but me say Monsieur, you no behave like de genti-l'homme a une personne de consequence, comme cette demoiselle."

It was with some degree of difficulty the humane surgeon could comprehend this curious combination of the two languages; but as he understood from it, that Mr. Harrington would not be likely to refuse paying the necessary expences that were incurred, he immediately took leave, without even honoring the consequential Louisa with a slight inclination of the head.

Just as Mr. Bromley quitted the apartment,

ment, the footman entered to say the chaise was ready; and the idea of seeing both a puppet show, and the wild beasts, reconciled our heroine to the mortification she had received. Trinkets, toys, ribbons, and laces, were all purchased with the most indiscriminate folly: and if the money which was lavished upon *absolute superfluities* had been generously bestowed upon the deserving and unfortunate, many disconsolate hearts might have bounded with joy.

It was in vain that Madame Digonét remonstrated against the *impropriety* of their seeing the Menagé, for Louisa was resolved to gratify her *curiosity*; and though the admittance price was only *two-pence*, determined to sacrifice her *pride* to the indulgence of her caprice. The liberality of giving a shilling, when two-pence was demanded, impressed the manager's mind with an idea of *their consequence*; and "make way for the gentlefolks!

gentlefolks !—make way for *the ladies* !” was loudly vociferated from the external door.

“ Make way for the *gentlefolks* ?” exclaimed a tar, who had witnessed the inhumanity of their conduct a short time before—“ What is one *wild beast* going to see *another* ?—Though hang me if I don’t believe both the tigers and the lions would have behaved with more humanity than that outlandish Madam, and her upstart Miss did this morning, when they crushed the *timbers* of poor Ned Johnson’s *child* !”

“ Alas !” said his comrade, “ are them the foul weather madam’s, under fair water colours, who think because they have a few more clinkers in their pockets, they have a right to trample upon the child of an honest sailor, with the same composure they would tread upon the worm under their feet ? I wish I had them both tied to the Romney’s main mast, I

would soon teach them what was due to those who willingly spent the last drop of their blood in their country's cause."

The coarseness of these remarks, and the universal gaze which accompanied them, soon made Louisa repent having indulged her curiosity; and turning to Madame Digonét, with a look of terror and apprehension, she intreated her to fly from such a distressing scene. The position imagining they would remain some time in the room, had driven to a neighbouring public-house to take some refreshment; and the footman having met with some of his old companions, gladly joined the jolly party.

The insults they had met with, and the affronts they had received, rendered it absolutely dangerous for them to walk *unattended*; and they took refuge in a Jeweller's shop, which faced the barn, with the intention of waiting until the carriage came.

An

An elderly gentleman was intent upon a newspaper, whilst the mistress of the shop was busily employed in packing up the trinkets he appeared to have purchased. "Where shall I send them, sir?" said the woman, in an humble tone of civil enquiry.—"They are to be sent to Miss Eliza Lumley," replied the stranger, "and be so good as to put a slip of paper in the box, to inform her they are the humble offering of an *admirer* of *sensibility*: who struck with the humanity of her conduct to the unfortunate child, that met with the accident this morning, takes this method of supplying her with those ornaments, the benevolence of her disposition may prevent her purchasing for herself." "Are you acquainted, young lady," continued he, "with the amiable girl, for whom my little present is designed? Or did you hear of the generosity of her conduct to the helpless being, who excited her compassion?"

"N-o,

"N-o, sir, n-o," replied Louisa, evidently agitated by the question, "I—I no—nothing—at—all—about Miss Lumley:—nothing at all about her, sir!"

"Well then," continued the stranger, "I will tell you *something* about her; and something that tell's highly to her honor.—An unfortunate little girl, the only child of a true son of Neptune, was this morning run over by the carelessness of a coachman, belonging to a rich nabob; and his daughter, a young lady, (I understand) about your age, was in the carriage at the time; and instead of showing the least compassion upon the occasion, imperiously desired the fellow to *drive on*, without even offering the tribute of compassion, for the misfortune her servant had occasioned. Miss Lumley accidentally passed soon after the circumstance had happened, and with an impulse of humanity, that did honor to her heart, gave the contents of her purse
to

to the honest sailor, who was lamenting his inability to pay a nurse ; and promised regularly to give up her monthly allowance, until the unfortunate child was restored to health."

Louisa's confusion during this recital, was too evident to escape observation, and had she not at its close, fortunately perceived the carriage, she would, in all probability, have heard her own conduct as much condemned, as Miss Lumley's had been applauded. Mortified and chagrined at the adventures of the day, Louisa returned dispirited to the castle, and was astonished at perceiving all the servants employed in packing up the furniture in the different apartments.

A gentleman who had resided near Mr. Harrington in the East Indies, and whom he had chicaned out of part of his property, had just returned from that country ; and hearing of an estate to be sold in Hampshire, had travelled post for the purpose

purpose of inspecting it. The name of Harrington was familiar to his mind, and a few inquiries convinced him it was the same who had so basely injured him ; and resolving if possible to recover his property, he called at the castle to impart his resolution.

Struck with the unexpected appearance of a man whom he knew he had so unjustly injured, Mr. Harrington offered to compromise the affair by an immediate payment of ten thousand guineas, and resolving not to remain in a neighbourhood where his character might be exposed, pretended business of moment required his presence in London.

The death of a child, or the destruction of a carriage, were not circumstances likely to affect either the feelings or fortune, of a man like Mr. Harrington : and he heard the account of both the one and the other, with total indifference, and absolute insensibility.

The idea of a removal was delightful to Louisa, who from her birth had passed eight months of the year in town, and who had always quitted it with visible regret, when the period arrived for returning to their country residence. As it was impossible to quit the neighbourhood without taking leave of the surrounding families, Mrs. Harrington and Louisa set out at an early hour on the following morning, for the purpose of paying the accustomed civility.

In a country village, the most trifling circumstances soon become subjects of general conversation; and as Portsmouth was only a short distance from their residence, the events of the preceding day afforded matter for discussion throughout the neighbourhood.

As Lady Esdale was a person of the highest distinction in the place, Mrs. Harrington of course paid her the first visit, and Louisa could not help feeling an

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an evident degree of embarrassment at the marked coldness of her Ladyship's salutation. In a few moments after they had been seated, the youngest Miss Esdale entered the room, leading in a lively child, apparently about three years old; whom Lady Belmont took upon her knee, and began caressing with the utmost fondness.

"Charming little creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Harrington, "the lovely offspring of your Ladyship's eldest daughter, I presume?"

"No, Ma'am," replied her Ladyship, "it is the youngest child of my under gardener, who has had the misfortune to lose an excellent wife, and is left a widower with five other children. My daughter Fanny is extremely attached to this little cherub, and has requested the sole care of it."

"The care of a gardener's daughter! is it possible," exclaimed Louisa, "that Miss Fanny should so completely degrade

herself by such humiliating employment? The child is certainly *well looking*, but the moment it entered the room I thought there was something vulgar in its appearance; and when I kissed it, I vow it smelt quite *strong of cabbage!*"

"And the child whom your father's coachman yesterday ran over, Miss Harrington, I suppose," said Lady Esdale, "smelt of *tar*, which prevented you from rendering it that assistance, a young lady less delicate in the *sense* of *smelling*, would from *humanity* have shewn it."

Disconcerted at the justice of this observation, and unable to reply to the severity of the remark, the haughty Louisa looked at her mother for relief, who observing that they had many visits to pay that morning, immediately arose to take her leave.

Upon Mr. Harrington's quitting Hampshire, he purchased a beautiful estate within twenty miles of Bath, and instead
of

of passing the whole winter in London, spent some months of it in that attractive city.

Louisa's fortune, combined to her charms, soon procured her a number of admirers, and before she had entered her twentieth year, her father had received no less than four different offers of marriage. The accomplished and only son of the Earl of C——, was at length the accepted lover; and Louisa, who had never shewn a real regard for any human being, certainly became attached to Lord Edward B——.

The immense fortune Mr. Harrington proposed giving his daughter, rendered the Earl perfectly agreeable to the match, but anxious to see her before the affair was finally arranged, he determined upon paying Mr. Harrington a visit. Great preparations were made for the reception of his noble guest, and the intended bride appeared with all the auxiliaries that dress

could give ; but what must have been her embarrassment and surprise, when in the person of her lover's father, she beheld the benevolent rewarder of Miss Lumley's tenderness.

Though dress and years had improved her person, his Lordship instantly recollected their promiscuous meeting, and judging from her embarrassment the agitation of her feelings, humanely resolved not to augment it ; but ordering his carriage at an early hour next morning, left the following letter in the care of her servant.

TO MISS HARRINGTON.

“ The Earl of C—— cannot avoid regretting that he was not sooner aware that Miss Harrington, and the young lady who behaved with so much inhumanity at Portsmouth, is one and the same person. Any connection with a being, who could so far forget the feelings of humanity,
and

and the duty of a fellow creature, must of course be declined by the Earl of C——."

Wounded pride, and disappointed tenderness deeply preyed upon Louisa's feelings; and the heart which had been dead to the affliction of another, soon fell a prey to the variety of its own mortifications; for the moment Lord Edward was made acquainted with the anecdote, he congratulated himself upon the fortunate escape; and anxious to see the amiable girl, who had given such a specimen of tenderness and humanity, obtained his father's permission to visit Portsmouth; and captivated by the sweetness of Miss Lumley's manners, made her an immediate offer of his hand, under the sanction of the Earl's approbation.

This last and unexpected stroke of misfortune, so completely agonized the wretched Louisa's mind, that giving way
to

to a most violent dejection of spirits, she fell into a rapid consumption, and expired in the twenty-first year of her age, unregretted by all except her parents. She was buried in the Abbey Church at Bath, and the following lines engraven on her monument;

Beauty, nor wit, nor sense can save,
From death's imperial dart;
'Tis *virtue* makes an early grave,
Gives comfort to the heart!

*Here—pause awhile—unthinking youth,
For here Louisa lies:
Go—practice virtue—follow truth,
Then hope to reach the skies!*

LOUISA HARRINGTON, Obt. Nov. 10, 1795,

Æ. 21.

EMILY MANLEY;

OR,

GRATITUDE DISPLAYED.

As Sir Charles and Lady Essington, were domestically employed in arranging some alterations, projected by the steward, their thoughts and attention was diverted from the task, by a hollow groan, which seemed to proceed from a person on the lawn.

"Gracious powers," exclaimed her Ladyship, in a tone of pity and astonishment, "what can it mean? some unfortunate being demands our succour? fly

Richard

Richard, and call William to assist you."

The night was dark, windy, and tempestuous, and as the servants ran to fulfil the orders of their benevolent employer, the rain totally extinguished their waving lights, and they were incapable of distinguishing from whence the sound proceeded. Whilst the candles were re-lighting and placing in a lantern, the groan was repeated in a still fainter tone, and Lady Essington darted forward with a view of rushing to the spot, but was detained by the apprehensions of an affectionate husband, who knowing the exquisite sensibility of her feelings, requested her to wait until he had investigated the extraordinary circumstance. In a few moments he returned, and informed her that the unfortunate object, who had excited her compassion, seemed too far exhausted to derive benefit from it; but that he had left her in the care of her woman and house-keeper,

keeper, and had sent the groom for the surgeon of the neighbouring village.

Lady Essington's benevolence was of an active kind, and she never heard a tale of sorrow without feeling a desire to lessen or remove the cause; upon entering the apartment of the compassionate Mrs. Williams, she beheld her chafing the temples of an apparently lifeless female, whilst her own woman was endeavouring to force a few drops of cordial down her throat. Her dress though plain, was composed of good materials, and her hair which had been concealed by a simple close cap, had broken from its confinement and flowed in loose tresses on her shoulders. A sense of feeling soon returned; violent agony immediately followed, and in less than an hour after her admittance into the hospitable mansion, the little heroine of the present tale first drew its infant breath. The extreme debility to which its mother was reduced, prevented
her

her from giving the slightest account of herself and family; and her death which happened a few hours after the infant's birth, involved its fate in total darkness. The pockets of the deceased were searched in vain, for the only thing found in them was a blank cover of a letter, the superscription of which was half torn, but the name of *Manley* was entire, and the crest which still adhered to the paper, proved that the seal had belonged to a Baronet.

Sir Charles and Lady Essington, though completely happy in the *society* of each other, had long and ardently wished for an addition to it; and the idea that their immense property would descend to a distant and unworthy branch of the family, was a mortification to their generous minds. Their natural affection for children in general, and the pleasure which they both derived from their conversation, rendered their disappointment the
more

more severe, but the unexpected appearance of the little stranger, seemed as a recompence for past solicitude; and though it could not compensate for the want of an *heir* to their *estate*, it was capable of gratifying both tenderness and humanity, and they mutually resolved to adopt it as their own.

The cover, which was found in the hapless stranger's pocket, Lady Essington preserved with the utmost care, conceiving the distant hope, that it might sometime lead to a discovery of the child's friends and relations. An advertisement was inserted, both in the London and country papers, describing the situation in which its mother was found, and offering a large reward to those who could give any information respecting her. A postilion from Canterbury, immediately applied, and informed Sir Charles, as he was returning with his chaise from Dover, he perceived a young woman

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seated

seated on a bank, by the side of the road, apparently exhausted from fatigue and want, that compassion induced him to offer her a seat in his carriage, which she at first declined, declaring her existence depended upon seeing a gentleman who was going to embark in the Dover packet, but upon finding herself suddenly seized with violent pain, she accepted the proposal, and just as the carriage reached the park gate, one of the wheels unfortunately broke, and he was unable to carry her any farther.—Seeing a light at a small distance, the unfortunate object of pity and compassion resolved to attempt reaching the spot; and after her companion had seen her through the gate, he fastened the wheel as well as he was able, and proceeded slowly on to Canterbury.

The ingenuous manner in which the circumstance was related, convinced Sir Charles of its authenticity; and though it conveyed no satisfactory information,
the

the postilion received the promised reward.

The helpless situation of the unfortunate little orphan, would have called forth compassion in breasts much less feelingly alive to the sensation, than in those of her benevolent and humane protectors, who really felt for the lovely child, all the tenderness of parents, and the solicitude of friends, and the sweetness of temper, which she even evinced, during a state of infancy, promised them a pleasing reward for all their care.

A few months after Emily's reception at the hall, her generous protectress was taken alarmingly ill, and it was some time before the physicians discovered that Sir Charles was likely to be blest with an heir to his estate. This event, so ardently desired, afforded the worthy Baronet the highest gratification; and to prevent the possibility of his fondness for his *own child* preventing him from doing *justice*

his adopted *one*, he immediately vested ten thousand pounds in the hands of trustees, to accumulate until the time she completed her eighteenth year, when it was to be paid into her own hands.

The birth of an heiress to such immense property, was, as it might be supposed, celebrated with joy, and whilst Sir Charles pressed the little Matilda in his parental arms, he likewise enfolded the blooming Emily, who by the desire of Lady Essington had just been carried into her apartment.

The nurse, who had brought up the little orphan, could not help drawing a comparison between the beauty of the children, and even Sir Charles, with all the fondness of a father, silently acknowledged Emily's superiority. Matilda, from her birth, was both fretful and untoward; and when the period arrived that it was thought necessary to deprive her of maternal nourishment, the violence

lence of her screams exceeded all description, and both Sir Charles and the female attendants were up nine successive nights.

This early indication of a violent spirit, gave her amiable parents the most serious concern, and though every pains were taken to check its growth, it gradually increased and strengthened with her years, and had it not been for their watchful attention, she would soon have become a perfect tyrant.

The contrast between the disposition of the two little girls, made Matilda's imperfections the more striking: for Emily was all sweetness, gentleness, and condescension, whilst her companion was haughty, sullen, and imperious.

Though it was the constant study, both of Sir Charles and Lady Essington, to lay the foundation of an attachment between the two children, yet in spite of their endeavours, they had the morti-

fication of observing that Matilda had an aversion to her adopted sister, which all their pains could neither frustrate or remove. Every mark of tenderness, which either of them displayed toward Emily, she seemed to think an infringement upon rights due only to herself; and every token of applause, which was bestowed upon her, appeared to cherish that envy which rankled in her bosom.

Perceiving it was impossible to do away the good opinion her parents entertained of Emily's disposition, she was resolved to destroy her credit with all their acquaintance; and whenever Sir Charles or Lady Essington had company, she artfully contrived, if any of them observed how pleasant it must be to her to have such a *nice companion*, to throw out some oblique hint against her; and concluded her speech, by saying, she could live in a *desart* with her *beloved parents*, and then she should have the satisfaction of know-
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ing she possessed the *first place* in *their affections*, which now she had the misery of perceiving was occupied by another.

This deceptive behaviour, in a girl not quite twelve years of age, would have been a source of the most agonizing uneasiness to the amiable authors of her existence, could they have been made acquainted with it—but fortunately for them, they were spared the mortifying intelligence; and before her vicious propensities were matured by years, they were translated to a scene, where their inestimable virtues were crowned with immortality!

On the day this unamiable girl entered into her thirteenth year, her attached parents testified their joy upon the occasion, by a rural *feté* to all the surrounding peasantry; and Sir Charles, delighted at the happiness, of which he had been the inspirer, remained a participater beyond the time prudence might have suggested. The evening was fine, but the dew excessive,

cessive, and the dampness of the lawn, on which the rustics danced, was ill calculated to agree with a constitution liable to cold. The next morning he felt the ill effects of it; but being previously engaged to attend a public meeting, he did not think it of sufficient consequence to send an excuse, and he went in opposition to her Ladyship's advice.

The resolution was in itself ill judged and fatal, and the amiable Sir Charles repented his folly; for the fatigue of the business, and the badness of the wine, tended to increase an approaching fever, which before he was able to reach the hall had absolutely got to an alarming height. Physicians and apothecaries prescribed in vain; the disease baffled all their skill; and on the third day from that on which he was seized, the virulent disease terminated his life.

Lady Essington, who contrary to all the solicitations of her friends, and advice of
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the physicians, had never quitted the bedside, soon felt the effects of her care and tenderness; for the disorder proved of that malignant kind, that it was scarcely to be expected that she could escape it. Her constitution, naturally stronger than Sir Charles's enabled her longer to contend with the violence of the disease, but at length, exhausted by its power, she fell an early victim to conjugal affection.

Upon the first appearance of this dreadful disorder, both Matilda and Emily were removed from the hall; the former of whom quitted it with the most apparent coldness, whilst the latter was absolutely forced into the carriage.

"Let me but stay, dearest Richard," she cried to the poor old steward, who had first discovered her unfortunate mother, "let me but watch at the door of the apartment, and indeed I will never attempt to enter it; indeed, I cannot bear
to

to leave my dear mamma ! Oh, how cruel you are to *force me from her !*

“Compose your spirits, my dearest Emily,” said Mrs. Mansel, taking her tenderly by the hand as poor Richard, with streaming eyes, lifted her into the carriage, “for this immoderate grief must be offensive in the eyes of heaven ; we are,” continued she, “sent into the world to *bear*, and *feel misfortune*, and ’tis a duty to sustain it calmly.—Sir Charles, I trust my love, will soon recover ; but should he not, the change to him would be most glorious—for such transcendant virtue must be happy.

At the close of this speech, Matilda either was, or appeared affected, and hiding her eyes with her handkerchief, said, in a tremulous tone of voice, “I fancy Ma’am, Emily imagines you might *doubt* her fondness for my beloved father, if she could bear his illness with composure ; without reflecting, that true *inward*
grief

grief, endeavours to *conceal* the anguish of its feelings."

A gentle reproof from Mrs. Mansel, for the illiberality of the observation, prevented Matilda proceeding, and they reached the spot of their future residence without any conversation taking place during the ride. I shall pass over in silence, the excess of Emily's affliction, and the anguish of her feelings, upon being made acquainted with the severe misfortunes he had sustained: and merely inform my youthful readers, that both the young ladies were left under the care of Mr. Mansel; who, a few months after the death of his amiable friend, placed them at a celebrated school in Queen's-Square.

The knowledge of possessing an immense fortune, gave an air of importance to the imperious Matilda, extremely unfavourable to a *first impression*; and the attention which was paid to the unassuming gentleness

gentleness of her friend, at once provoked and mortified her feelings. A few days observation upon the different characters, convinced her, that a *low origin*, was generally considered as an indelible mark of disgrace, which was neither to be effaced by *merit*, or eradicated by *virtue*; and that they carefully avoided any degree of intimacy with those who could not boast of any *titled friends*. This knowledge, at once gratified her pride, and increased her spleen; and she resolved to mortify the unassuming Emily, by a full disclosure of the circumstances which had attended her birth; and not satisfied with degrading her in the opinion of her companions, she represented her, as a girl who had artfully deprived her of the affection of her parents: who, to prove their fondness, had bequeathed her a fortune, which of right belonged wholly to herself.

This false, unjust, and *cruel representation*,

tation, soon produced the expected consequence; and the unfortunate object of her envy and resentment felt the immediate effect of her illiberal conduct. The girls, instead of courting her society, universally resolved to avoid and shun it; and when she lamented the change in their behaviour, to the being who had occasioned it, she insultingly laughed at the refinement of her feelings.

“You are not to suppose,” she would exultingly say, “*Miss Emily*, (for she would no longer use the epithet of sister) that your pretended appearance of *affected sweetness* will impose upon all the young ladies in this school, though you were artful enough to impose upon Sir Charles and Lady Essington; and induced them to bestow a *fortune upon you*, which in justice ought to have been *mine*.”

“Oh, Matilda,” said the agitated Emily, “how have I deserved this treatment from you?—Tell me, I beseech

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you,

unfortunate Emily remained the first half year at school, mortified by the coldness with which she was treated by her associates in general, and distressed by the cruelty and haughtiness of Matilda.

The summer vacation at length arrived, and Mrs. Mansel's carriage, accompanied by her own woman, was sent to convey the young ladies into the country. Mrs. Dawson, (which was the name of this favourite dependant) had raised herself from the degrading situation of under house maid, to the elevated post of lady's attendant, by the most cringing servility and deceptive artifice; and was so completely in the good graces of her mistress, that she had the entire direction of the whole family.

Matilda, who during her former visits to Mrs. Mansel, had observed the undue influence this woman had obtained, sagaciously thought, that as Mansel Lodge was to be her future residence, it would

be greatly to her interest to obtain the favor of its *directress*; and therefore, instead of adopting that haughty mode of conduct, which she had always practised in her father's house, she disguised her real disposition under an *appearance of affability*, and received Mrs. Dawson with all the warmth of friendship and attachment; whilst Emily, who had often been disgusted with her ease and familiarity, merely treated her with distant civility.

This contrast in the two young ladies, could not fail making an impression on the mind of the being, to whom it was shown; and resolving to be revenged, for the indignity she had received, she represented Emily to the lady of her guardian, as an insolent designing dangerous girl, who she ought not to suffer to come within her house; whilst she depicted Matilda, as deserving all her tenderness.

A representation,

A representation, so very prejudicial, could not fail making an impression upon a naturally weak mind; and the persecuted Emily, was treated with as much coldness at the Lodge, as she had been in the habit of receiving at Queen's-Square. Matilda, delighted at the behaviour of Mrs. Mansel, resolved to prevent the possibility of a change; and by the most unjust and illiberal description of her character, increased the prejudice Dawson had inspired, until Mrs. Mansel insisted upon her removal from the Lodge.

Mr. Mansel, more just in his opinion, resolved not to be biassed by a false statement; but, sending for the object of his wife's aversion, candidly told the things that were alledged against her.

Shocked at the invention, and distressed at the falsehood, the agitated Emily was unable to confute it; but dropping on her knees, by an involuntary impulse, she be-

sought her guardian to send her from his house.

"Yes, my dear Emily," said the humane Mr. Mansel, "I shall certainly separate you from a girl, who has so wantonly insulted you; but I have not yet determined under whose care to place you; for as your fortune is affluent, your education must be consistent with it, and two or three years must yet be devoted to the improvement of your mind.

"Oh, Sir," replied the agitated Emily, "I conjure you, to let me return my fortune to Miss Essington, for I cannot bear to be accused of robbing her of *that* which she tells me ought to have been her *own*."

"*Robbing* her," exclaimed Mr. Mansel, "the fortune was *your's*, before the inhuman girl was born; and vested in the hands of Mr. Benson and myself, to support you in the rank to which Sir Charles resolved to raise you; and let me

me tell you Emily, I would not give her the sum which you are possessed of, in exchange for the fortune she *imagines must be her's.*"

"*Imagines must be her's,*" replied the astonished girl, "surely, dear Sir, my ever loved protector could not secure the fortune of an orphan, and leave his only child's involved in doubt?" "From some misconceived idea," continued Mr. Mansel, my valued friend, supposed the title, and estates were wholly unconnected; but the present possessor of the former, has laid claim to *both*, and I, as representative of the heiress am busily employed, in defending her rights to the contested claim."

The conversation was here interrupted, by the entrance of Mrs. Dawson, who with all the consequential airs of a person in power, informed Emily that her mistress had driven Miss Essington to Lady Danby's, and did not intend returning

turning until evening. This was a new, and unexpected mortification; for though Mrs. Mansel had treated her with coldness and neglect, she had carefully avoided any pointed rudeness; and in the strongest terms, she besought her guardian to remove her from a scene where her presence was offensive.

Mr. Mansel had an engagement for dinner, and concluding Dawson would take care of his guest, he gave no orders for its preparation; but took leave of the disconsolate Emily, promising to endeavour to establish her in comfort. The usual hour of dining soon arrived, but not the slightest preparation could Emily perceive; and after waiting near two hours beyond it, she put on her hat and walked into the garden, the evening was fine, and the air reviving, and enchanted with the beauty of the surrounding prospects she extended her walk to the end of the shrubbery. The walk terminated by a gate,

gate, which opened into the road: and as she was attentively gazing at the view beyond it, she perceived Mrs. Mansel's horses dragging the phaeton down the hill, with a degree of violence which threatened its destruction.

Resentment and anger immediately vanished, and wholly regardless of her own safety, she instantly sprang over the gate, and snatching up a stick, which providentially lay in her way, she presented herself in the front of the unsubdued animals: who checked in their progress, by the sight of her weapon, instantly made a full stop, when the servant who was following caught the reins.

"Thank God you are safe!" exclaimed the affectionate girl, bursting into a violent flood of tears; "Oh! my Matilda, you know not what I have suffered."

The reflection of having escaped from such apparent danger, united to the agitation

tion of poor Emily's spirits, induced Matilda to forego her natural haughtiness; and taking her by the hand, with an appearance of kindness, said "indeed, Emily, I believe you have saved my life; for if the horses had attempted to turn the corner, in all probability, I should have been dashed to pieces down the precipice."

"God knows," replied the amiable girl, "I would have lost my *own* to *save it*; for indeed, indeed Matilda, in spite of all *unkindness*, I love you better than myself."

"And do you suppose," said the ungrateful Matilda, "that you are likely to *win my regard*, by accusing me of *unkindness*? You seem to think, Miss Emily, that this heroic proof of disinterested affection, gives you a licence to condemn my conduct." By this time, Lady Danby and Mrs. Mansel had reached the carriage; the former of whom, congratulated Matilda,

tilda, upon having so courageous a friend; though the latter paid her not the least attention: but began censuring the groom for not having properly secured the reins, whilst Miss Essington was getting into the phaeton.

The alarm Emily had experienced, and mortification she had endured, rendered her totally unfit to mix in the society: and wishing Mrs. Mansel and her guest a good evening, she retired to her apartment, requesting the servant to bring her a crust of bread; but soon after, received a summons to attend her guardian.

Observing the agitated state of her spirits, with much solicitude he enquired the cause; but the generous minded girl, instead of complaining of Dawson's inattention, or Miss Essington's unkindness, merely attributed her affliction to the alarm she had experienced, and then requested to know his pleasure.

Mr. Mansel briefly informed her, that
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he was going to place her under the protection of a clergyman's widow; where she would be treated with the utmost kindness, and have the opportunity of being instructed by the most able masters; and added, that as her present situation was not entirely comfortable, he intended conveying her to Mrs. Davenport's on the following morning.

This welcome intelligence raised her drooping spirits, and though she could not help experiencing a degree of regret at being separated from the unworthy girl, to whom she had *ever been attached*; yet the prospect of escaping from such *pointed rudeness*, at once pleased and gratified her feelings.

The beauty of her face, the elegance of her person, and above all, the uncommon sweetness of her manners, could not fail prepossessing Mrs. Davenport in her favor; and the amiable girl, was so delighted with her reception, that she could
not

not avoid expressing her gratitude to her guardian, even in the presence of her new protectress.

Months, and years, rolled rapidly away; for possessing the maternal affection of her amiable instructress, and the sisterly regard of her two daughters, the now happy Emily, totally forgot her former distresses and mortifications. Upon quitting Mansel Lodge, she had written a polite letter to its mistress, and an affectionate one to her guest; neither of which, had been honored with the slightest notice; and the mortification she endured at these repeated proofs of contempt, tended to destroy an affection she had long encouraged.

The period when the trustees were to pay the fortune, now approached, and she had for some days anxiously expected her guardian, when she perceived his servant ring at the gate, and take the following letter from his pocket:

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"MY

“ MY DEAR EMILY,

“ The unpleasant business, which has so many years occupied my mind, has at length finally closed; and by the decision of a court of judicature, the unfortunate daughter of my ever-valued friend, is deprived of the inheritance her father left: as it has been discovered, that the estate and title both descend to the same person.

“ This severe and unexpected stroke of fortune, Matilda's disposition is ill calculated to sustain; and the imperious manner, in which she has uniformly conducted herself, has been the means of creating her so many enemies, that I fear she will find few people inclined even to bestow their sympathy. Regard and esteem for her excellent parents, induces me to offer her an asylum in my family; and I shall think it a duty incumbent on me to prevent her, as much as possible, from

from feeling the weight of this severe calamity.

“ Mr. Benson and myself purpose calling next Saturday, to relinquish the trust which has been reposed in us; but at the same time, not only to offer you our advice, my dear girl, with regard to the disposal of your fortune, but to assure you, that our regard and esteem will attend you through life, and that we shall rejoice in being able to prove the sincerity of our friendship.

“ The original sum of ten thousand pounds, which was paid into our hands, during your infancy, you will now find nearly double; and when this sum is combined with as many virtues, as a girl can possess, I think my Emily would be no despicable alliance, even for the first man in England; and by saying this, I prove, that I know you are not addicted to that fashionable folly *vanity*.”

“Offer my best compliments to the worthy Mrs. Davenport, and assure yourself, my dear Emily, that

“I am your attached friend,

“HENRY MANSËL.”

Had Emily been made acquainted with the total wreck of her own fortune, the shock she received could not have been more violent. That the daughter of the man to whom she owed *her affluence*, should be reduced to receive a support from friendship, was at once mortifying and distressing to her feelings; but when she reflected, that it was in *her power* to prevent this *mortifying degradation*, and of proving herself worthy the benevolence which had been bestowed, her bosom thrilled with a sensation of delight; and whilst her eyes overflowed with tenderness and regret, she hastily wrote the following letter:—

“MY

" MY DEAR SIR, .

" The mixed sensation of happiness and regret, which at this moment occupies my mind, will scarcely permit me to guide my pen. How does my heart commiserate the situation, to which the child of my beloved patrons is reduced;—but how does it expand, at the delightful prospect of restoring to her a complete independance !

" Your letter tells me, my dear sir, that the original sum, Sir Charles placed in your hands, has, from accumulated interest, almost doubled, and that I am soon to be put in the possession of near twenty thousand pounds !—but can I, in *justice*, receive a property, which now of *right* must belong to *another* ? No, my dear sir, my heart shrinks from such an act of injustice, and I resign all my pretensions in favor of Miss Essington. The pains which have been taken to render me accomplished, will now prove the means

of insuring me an eligible establishment; and the consciousness of having acted with rectitude and propriety, will enable me to earn my subsistence with cheerfulness.

“ I doubt not, my dear sir, but amongst the number of your friends, you will soon hear of an eligible situation: and that in a short time, I shall have the satisfaction of being established in some respectable family, as private governess; and I have only to entreat, that you will immediately inform Miss Essington, that in consequence of some defect in the drawing up of the deed, the fortune which Sir Charles left *me belongs to her*; and that as she has been deprived of her own inheritance, you consider the circumstance very fortunate.

“ This slight deviation from *truth*, I hope you will not think wholly unpardonable; for I am convinced, that the mortification she would feel, at the idea
of

of receiving an obligation at my *hands*, would absolutely prevent her from accepting it.

“The servant is impatient to receive my answer, and I have only time, my dear sir, to assure you, that

“I am your grateful,

“And obedient servant,

“EMILY.”

Completely gratified with this act of justice, the amiable girl returned to her friends: and seeing the newspaper lying upon the table, her attention was arrested by the following advertisement:

“If any intelligence can be given of the daughter of Mr. Collins, a small farmer near Exeter, who about nineteen years ago, was supposed to have followed a gentleman of the name of *Manley* to the East Indies; so that herself, or the child of which she was then near lying in, can be identified, a reward of five hundred

hundred guineas will be immediately paid, by applying to H. Rose, Esq. Temple."

The paper instantly fell from her trembling hands, which she clasped in an agony of fervour and devotion, exclaiming, "my God, I thank thee for this unexpected blessing." Mrs. Davenport instantly snatched up the paper, and confirmed in the idea, that Emily was the object of inquiry, sent immediately for a post chaise, and accompanied her to town.

The carriage was ordered to Mr. Rose's apartments; and as he happened fortunately to be in them, they were immediately ushered up stairs. Two gentlemen were employed in looking over papers, the elder of whom appeared so intent upon the office, that he did not appear to observe them enter; but turning round when his friend addressed them—he started from his seat with a motion of phrenzy, exclaiming, "my Fanny!
my

my lost, my loved, my injured Fanny!—then attempting to catch her in his arms—he stood petrified with astonishment at Mrs. Davenport's repulsive inference; who coldly assured him the young lady's name was *Emily*, and that he had never seen her before.

“Alas! too well I know it,” continued he, gazing at her with a more scrutinizing glance, “but for God's sake, tell me, Madam, what brought you here?—have you read an advertisement in the papers?”

“Yes, yes!” exclaimed the agitated girl, unable to sustain the torture of suspense.—“Then,” cried the enraptured father, clasping her with fondness to his bosom, “I have found my child, yes, I have found the *image of my Fanny*; but ah!” continued he, softening his voice and bursting into tears, “her *dearer self*, I fear, is lost for ever.” The agitated Emily was unable to reply; but Mrs.

Davenport

Davenport confirmed the melancholy doubts, and the repentant husband's grief, for some moments seemed to have absorbed his faculties; at length recovering his composure, he desired Mr. Rose's servant to call his carriage, and the party were driven to an elegant house, in one of the most fashionable squares at the West end of the town.

Sir William's joy at having found a daughter, could not compensate for the loss of a lovely wife; whom he had married without his father's consent, about eight months before he was ordered to India; and like many dissipated young men of the age, soon repented the step he had taken. Apprehensive of exasperating the old Baronet, the ill-fated girl never avowed her marriage; and when she heard her husband was going to India, she set out on foot from her father's house, with a view of reaching Dover where his regiment was quartered, but was prevented

vented by the fatal calamity, which has been before stated.

A few years after Mr. Manley's arrival in India, he was informed both of the death of his father and his elder brother; but the thought of being compelled to own a low born wife, induced him to remain in that country. At length, a severe and dangerous illness, was the means of pointing out the *injustice of his conduct*, and he resolved, the moment he recovered, to endeavour to make some compensation for his neglect, by devoting the rest of his days to her happiness.—This intention was frustrated by providence: but the pledge of her affection still remained, and he had still the power of substituting parental tenderness for conjugal love.

Mrs. Davenport's joy at seeing her beloved pupil thus unexpectedly restored to the possession, both of rank and fortune, was evinced by the warmest congratulations to the father, and the highest encomiums

comiums upon the daughter: and the delighted Sir William absolutely shed tears of joy when made acquainted with the *disinterested* conduct of his amiable child.

Mr. Mansel, unconscious of the alteration which had taken place in his ward's situation, and charmed with the proof of gratitude to the memory of her benefactor, set out immediately for Mrs. Davenport's residence, for the purpose of dissuading Emily, from what he termed a romantic excess of friendship; and advising her to *divide* her fortune with, instead of relinquishing it up to Miss Essington: and arrived there, just as Sir William's carriage stopped at the door, for the purpose of conveying the two Miss Davenports to their expecting and fortunate friend.

The acquisition of birth, and the possession of fortune, afforded no other satisfaction to the liberal minded Emily, than

as it allowed her the means of patronizing merit and rewarding virtue; and the grateful sense she entertained of Sir Charles and Lady Essington's kindness, absorbed the recollection of their daughter's cruelty, and she uniformly paid her the most friendly and delicate attentions.

About a twelvemonth after Sir William's arrival in England, he had the happiness of seeing his amiable daughter united to a character no less exalted than her own; and if ever being enjoyed uninterrupted felicity for a long succession of years, it was the generous heroine of this little tale; who after a life spent in the practice of every moral and religious virtue, expired in the fifty-ninth year of her age, leaving a numerous and charming family to deplore her loss and imitate her life. She was interred in the family mausoleum, with the following inscription engraven on her tomb:—

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The prince and peasant, here combine,
Here, all *distinctions* close;
Save those—which from *true merit* shine,
Or what—from *virtue* flows.

Yes, in the regions of the blest,
Shall virtue's children keep
A place—where every care shall rest,
And every sorrow sleep.

And there exalted on a throne,
Will Littleton appear;
For every virtue was her own,
That could adorn this sphere.

EMILY LITTLETON, Obt. Sep. 17, 1796.

Æ. 58.

SALLY BOWMAN;

OR,

FILIAL FONDNESS.



AT the extremity of a village, in one of the most cultivated spots of Norfolk, remained part of an ancient gothic structure, which retained the appearance of former magnificence, in spite of the injuries of time, and the marks of neglect: for as it was merely the abode of industry, it was not to be supposed that any large sum could be laid out upon it, either to save it from ruin, or embellish it with taste.

The honest farmer to whom it belonged

longed, had about twelve years of its lease to run, when the little heroine of the following memoirs made her appearance on this scene of action, as an additional stimulative to her delighted parents to persevere in that uninterrupted course of domestic harmony, which had rendered the preceding years of their life undisturbed by ill humour, and unallayed by discontent.

Fortunately, for this industrious worthy pair, they resided at too great a distance from the metropolis, for the mistaken opinions which prevail within its vicinity, to extend as far as their primitive habitation; and they would sooner have thought of instructing their daughter in the rudiments of agriculture, and sent her daily to direct the plough, than they would have had an idea of her being taught to play upon the piano, or to dance cotillions.

Mrs. Bowman was, perhaps, one of the
most

most æconomical, as well as the most deserving of women: but her æconomy was the effect of prudence, not the result of selfishness; for her benevolence could only be equalled by her humanity, and the unfortunate and afflicted were more certain of finding relief from Bowman farm, than they were from Billington castle: though the latter belonged to an affluent peer, and the former to a man but little elevated above a peasant.

Though Mrs. Bowman had been married near four years before the birth of her first child, yet after that event, she annually found herself in a situation to increase her family; and her delighted husband felt as much joy upon each occasion, as if he had an estate to bestow upon them all. "God," he would say, "never sends mouths, without the means of procuring food to feed them; and labour's the support both of health and cheerfulness."

As soon as the little Sally was capable of going alone, her mother bought her a straw basket, for the purpose of assisting her in feeding the poultry, and thus early taught the necessity of being *useful*, she soon thought it a disgrace to be *unemployed*; and before she completed her fifth year, she had knit a pair of stockings for each of her younger sisters.

The sweetness of her temper, and the cheerfulness of her manners, insured her the affection of all her juvenile companions; and those sports, in which Sally was not a partaker, generally ended in quarrels or discontent. One evening, as the little party had assembled on the green, for the purpose of enjoying the game of *thread my needle*, Sally's speed was suddenly arrested by the pert tone of a girl older than herself, who, in spite of the remonstrance of one of her companions, declared she would not *stir*, as long as she could see to play.

“ Where

"Where do you want her to go, Peggy Collins?" said Sally. "To her mother," replied the child, "who is sick in bed, and has sent for her three times to make her some tea, as she has not had one drop of any thing since her breakfast this morning."

"*Leave her sick mother, to play at thread my needle!*" exclaimed Sally, in a voice of pity and astonishment, whilst the sudden glow that suffused her cheek, proved her resentment at such a mode of conduct. "Polly Webster," continued she, calling to the girl, "if you do not go *home directly*, I will never play with you again as long as I live."

"Then you play *without me*," said the unfeeling girl, "for I tell you, I will not stir from the green, as long as I can see to run round it." To this undutiful determination, Sally made not the least reply; but loosing her hands from the hold of her companion's, she immediately ran

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to the sick woman's door, and lifting up the latch, with the greatest precaution, softly ascended the broken stairs.

"Oh, Polly," said a tremulous voice, as she approached the humble pallet, how could you leave me in this wretched state, my mouth is absolutely parched with thirst, and you have been gone ever since one o'clock to fetch an ounce of tea."

"It is not *Polly*, Mrs. Webster," replied the amiable child, "but I can do any thing for you just as well; and I will run to my mother's, and fetch you a little tea; I am sure Polly did not know how *ill you were*—or she could never have left you in such a shocking state."

"Heaven reward you, my dear child," said the exhausted sufferer, "but I am ashamed of giving so much trouble."—"No trouble in the world," continued Sally, putting a match under a piece of turf, and blowing it with all her strength,

to supply the place of bellows; then hanging the tea kettle on a hook, she quitted the room, promising to be back in a moment.

"Oh, mother," said the sympathizing Sally, (seeing her parent at a little distance) "do run to poor Mrs. Webster, for I do believe she is almost dying; and pray give me the key of the closet in the parlour, that I may take her a little of your *best green tea*, for she has not had a single drop of any thing since her breakfast this morning."

Mrs. Bowman's humanity was perfectly in unison with her daughter's sympathy; and taking the requested key from her pocket, she walked nimbly across the green; and seeing Polly, still at play with her companions, sternly demanded, "why she had left her mother?" and taking her forcibly by the hand, led her reluctantly towards the cottage.

"You are very good, Mrs. Bowman,"
said

said the poor creature, attempting to raise herself upright in the bed, "to come to such a miserable wretch as I am; but I might have lain and died, for what that undutiful girl of mine cares!—and God knows, if it should be his will to take me, that I really die of a *broken heart*; for no one can think the grief she costs me, or believe that she could treat me with so much cruelty."

"She will be punished for it, in *this world*, as well as the *next*;" replied the benevolent Mrs. Bowman, "for there is a *curse* entailed upon all undutiful children; and I bless the Almighty that none of mine seem at present likely to inherit it. As to our eldest daughter, Sally, she is the best disposed girl that ever was born; and from the time she was four years old, I do not recollect I have ever had reason to say, "why do you so, my dear?"

The conversation was here interrupted,
by

by the entrance of the child on whom the eulogy had been bestowed, who, with all the expertness of a person twice her years, began preparing the tea for the poor invalid, whilst her own sullen daughter remained absolutely indifferent to the surrounding scene.

This humble, though interesting anecdote, will be sufficient to prove the amiable sweetness of Sally's disposition; and by contrasting her benevolence with her companion's inhumanity, will render the distinction the more striking. In the beginning of this simple history, I observed, that the father of my amiable little heroine, had about twelve years lease of his farm to run, at the period of her birth. That term was just expired; and the honest man, anxious to renew his lease, had annually laid by a certain portion of his income, for the purpose of purchasing a fresh lease; and set out for
London,

London, in the coach, to make a new agreement with his landlord.

Communicative in his disposition, and unguarded in his conduct, he thoughtlessly disclosed the purport of his journey; and a sharper availing himself of this intelligence, declared the Landlord's steward was his *particular friend*; and was to meet him at the inn, on his return to town. This notorious falsehood, the credulous man believed; and delighted at the prospect of making a *good bargain*, invited them both to sup with him there.

When the coach stopped, the pretended steward appeared, and a few hints from his artful friend, rendered him perfectly ready to carry on the deceit; and in a few hours, the too credulous farmer, was entirely stripped of all his property, and left to lament his unguarded conduct.

The evil, though melancholy, did not
end

end there; for the unfeeling landlord, disappointed in his rent, and able to make an advantageous agreement for himself, made an immediate seizure of the stock upon the farm, and sent the unfortunate man to prison for the remainder of the debt.

The distraction of the wife, and the alarm of the children, when those merciless instruments of the law's authority unexpectedly arrived at the happy little mansion, may more easily be imagined than described; and when they heard, that the unfortunate man was confined within the walls of a wretched prison, their grief became too big for utterance, and several hours elapsed, before the mother could determine upon any plan for her future conduct.

To remain in the farm, she was told, was impossible; yet to quit it, seemed the certain means of preventing her from rescuing her husband from confinement:

for if she accompanied him to prison, and became the sharer of his misfortunes, by what means were they ever to be retrieved?

Whilst she was undetermined how to act, a letter arrived from the hapless object of her solicitude, accusing himself as the author of her misfortunes; yet conjuring her to forgive the unintentional error, and fly from the scene of their former happiness, if she wished to behold him before he died.

The idea of the man, whom she loved to distraction, being alarmingly ill, without one friend to pity him, superceded every other consideration, and she resolved to fly to her unfortunate husband, provided she could dispose of her hapless children, or leave them under the care of some protecting friend.

The bailiffs, accustomed to scenes of distress and sorrow, were still not totally devoid of *sensibility*; and when they were told

told that the *poultry* was the property of the *eldest child*, they generously left it for her use; and the grateful, though humble, Mrs. Webster, kindly offered to take it under her care, or to give up the lower room in her cottage for the use of Sally, and her five sisters. The latter proposal was joyfully accepted; and Mrs. Bowman took leave of the objects of her tenderness, to share the sorrows of the partner of her affection.

Sally, who had just entered her fourteenth year, was left in the charge of her younger sisters; the elder of whom was only ten, and the younger but four years old. Accustomed from her infancy, to labour and application, the task was rather a pleasure than a fatigue; and after washing and hearing them their prayers, she set those which were able to work to their different employments. The two eldest were excellent spinners; the third was expert in making fishermen's nets;

and the fourth was learning to knit stockings.

The stock of poultry, consisted of twenty chickens, and three hens; fifteen young, and two old turkeys; ten geese; and five and twenty ducks:—and as the chickens were ready to take to market, she resolved to carry them there on the day, and give their produce to her unfortunate father.

Anxious to convey relief to her beloved parents, the amiable girl arose before day light; and though she lived near five miles from Norwich, she was in the city, at the moment the market opened. As she had often accompanied her mother there, she was no stranger to the method that was generally adopted; but she was so anxious to dispose of her goods to *advantage*, that at length, she was in danger of not selling them at all, and burst into tears at the alarming apprehension.

An

An elderly gentleman, who observed her enter the market, had been wonderfully struck with the loveliness of her countenance; but happening to have a dislike to poultry, had not attempted making any purchase, yet from a kind of interest in her favor, had paid attention to her actions; and observing an agitation, she could not conceal, walked up to the basket and enquired the cause.

"I am afraid, Sir," said the amiable girl, "the best of the market is quite *over*, and if I do not sell this basket of chickens, God knows what will become of my unhappy parents?"

"Surely," replied the stranger, "your parents cannot depend upon your exertions, for the preservation of their existence?—for you are not old enough to support yourself; and of course are not able to take care of them."

"If I could sell my chickens, sir, it would support us all; but as to work, I

would work my fingers to the bone to serve my dearest parents."

"That's right! that's nobly said!" exclaimed her new companion, "and tell me pretty maid, what shall I give you for your stock of trade?"

"What *all*, *sir*? every *one*?" said the delighted Sally, "Yes *all*," continued he, "and basket added to them."

"I have asked three and six-pence a couple, *sir*," replied the amiable girl, "but as no one would give so much, perhaps you would think that *dear*, and I am sure I would not wish to impose upon so good a customer."

"By no means," said the generous purchaser of her stock, taking two guineas from his pocket, "and you may keep the change to buy yourself a ribbon."

"No," continued she, looking at the money, with an enraptured eye, not *one penny* for myself; all shall be given to my dear, my much loved parents." Then rising

rising from the bench, on which she had been seated, and dropping two or three low courtseys, she hastily took leave, enquiring in a whisper of her neighbouring companion, the nearest way to find the county gaol.

Her interested benefactor eagerly enquired her history, which was fully related by the communicative country woman; who not only extolled the filial affection of Sally, but depicted the good qualities of her excellent parents in the most strong and striking colours.

The generous man, to whom the story was related, went immediately to the scene of confinement, and describing the appearance of this attached daughter, eagerly enquired whether she had obtained admission; and was informed by the turnkey, he was going to conduct her to his prisoner.

Anxious to behold the interesting interview, yet fearful of intruding upon the
privacy

privacy of misfortune, Mr. Howardine requested to be admitted into an adjoining apartment, if he could witness the meeting unobserved. A small crevice in the wainscot favoured the design; and as soon as the man had pointed out the spot, he returned to the apartment where he had left Sally waiting, for the purpose of conducting her to her unfortunate parents.

Stretched on a low miserable pallet, lay the hapless victim of unsuspecting credulity: whilst his sympathizing companion, was seated by his side, endeavouring to arm his mind with fortitude, and requesting him to rely upon the protection of the Almighty, who never forsook the wretched and unfortunate!

This interesting and religious conversation, was suddenly interrupted by the unlocking of the door: and the dejected man, raising his head from the pillow, faintly exclaimed, "my beloved child!"

"My

“ My dearest father ! my own mother ! ” reiterated the amiable agitated girl, throwing herself on her knees by the bedside, and bathing their hands alternately with her tears. “ Oh ! ” continued she, “ this is a shocking, shocking place ; and I fear it will be the death of my beloved father. But tell me mother, how much does he owe the landlord ? for I cannot bear the thoughts of his remaining here. ” Then taking the two guineas from her pocket, she described the benevolence of Mr. Howardine’s conduct, calculated the sums which the remaining poultry would produce, and assured them she was able to support her sisters.

The unfortunate pair, gazed upon her with a look of tenderness and admiration : and clasping their hands with a fervency of emotion, returned thanks to the Almighty for having given them such a treasure.

“ Oh my child ! ” said the enraptured father,

father, pressing her with fondness to his parental bosom, "how wicked have I been to repine under misfortune, when providence has rewarded me with such a blessing! I will try my love," continued he, "to get the better of this fever, which the doctor tells me is on my spirits; and for the sake of such a wife and daughter, endeavour to soften my landlord's hardened heart."

"Try but to get *well*, my friend," said the benevolent Mr. Howardine, who had entered the apartment unperceived, and as to the debt you owe your landlord, that I will discharge this very day."

"A thousand blessings on your generous head!" exclaimed the happy, grateful Mrs. Bowman, throwing herself at the feet of her humane benefactor; whilst Sally in silence seized his hand, and alternately pressed it to her lips and bosom.

This unexpected turn of fortune, absolutely

lutely deprived the invalid of utterance ; but whilst the trembling tear stole silently down his cheek, his countenance expressed the most perfect gratitude ; and the generous inspirer of this unlooked for happiness, was absolutely obliged to leave the apartment to hide the agitation of his own feelings.

Scarcely had Mr. Howardine quitted the prison walls, when he had the unexpected pleasure of beholding the farmer's landlord's carriage furiously drive into the yard of the Inn ; and following the impulse of his benevolent design, he immediately requested a few minutes conversation. The name was sufficient to insure respect, and Mr. Howardine was immediately ushered into the apartment.

By what means the debt was paid, was of very little importance to a man like Sir George Baxter ; and as Mr. Howardine promised to be surety for the rent in future,

ture, he had very little difficulty in obtaining a lease, and in the course of a few hours the business was completed, and the following letter dispatched to the worthy farmer:—

“ MY GOOD FRIEND,

“ The blessing you possess in such an exalted child, ought certainly to reconcile you to the most disastrous circumstances; for with such a soother in affliction, and such a consoler in adversity, you ought to brave the most severe misfortune.

“ The proof I witnessed of her filial affection, will make a lasting impression on my mind; and considering the gifts of fortune were intended to *reward merit*, I have just placed in my banker's hands, five hundred pounds, as her marriage portion, or to be paid on the day she becomes of age.”

“ Your landlord I accidentally have seen,

seen, and have had the satisfaction of discharging your debt, and obtaining a fresh lease for one and twenty years, on condition of being answerable for your future payments.

“ Inclosed you will find a bill of five and twenty pounds, which I trust will be sufficient to prevent you from present embarrassments; and if, at a future period, you find yourself distrest; my banker has received my orders to relieve you.”

“ Do not take the trouble of acknowledging the little kindness I have had the satisfaction of showing you, as I leave this place early to-morrow morning: and the pleasure I derive from serving my fellow creatures, amply compensates for the trouble of performing them. Tell your excellent daughter to persevere in the path of filial duty, and to rest assured, that a brighter reward awaits her hereafter, than I have either

the *means*, or the *power* of *bestowing*.

"Farewell, my worthy friend, may heaven prosper the virtuous and industrious, is the ardent prayer of

"Your's, very sincerely,

"HENRY HOWARDINE."

The sudden transition, from adversity to prosperity, might have overpowered minds less under the influence of religious sentiments, than the worthy people who experienced it; but knowing that riches and plenty are derived from heaven, though human agency had the means of dispensing them, they offered their adorations to the benevolent power, who had so unexpectedly raised them up a friend; and in the course of a few days, were re-established in their ancient dwelling; restored to their children; and congratulated upon the change, by every person in the surrounding neighbourhood.

Sally, who had ever been an object of
affection

affection, with her juvenile acquaintance, now became the admiration of their parents: and her filial duty, and sisterly regard, afforded them a constant subject for conversation; and whilst they applauded a conduct so highly *praise-worthy*, they besought their children to endeavour to imitate an example so highly meritorious.

The industry of the honest farmer, the zeal of his wife, and the combined application of his children, was soon the means of increasing his little wealth: and each returning fortunate year, found him a richer man than the last. The glow of health, the blush of innocence, and the smile of cheerfulness, which animated the countenance of his amiable daughter, made her an object of admiration with all the young and neighbouring farmers; and a wife, who could boast

such a combination of excellencies, required not the aid of beauty to render her desirable. But Sally's portion of that desirable possession, was greater than falls to a common share; and when five hundred pounds was added to the prize, it might certainly be allowed worth contesting. Sally's heart, however, remained insensible; and before she was one and twenty, she had refused no less than four or five different offers;—but at that period, she resigned it's affections to the only son of a gentleman farmer, who accidentally paid a visit in the neighbourhood.

The father of the young man, for a short time disapproved the marriage; but being made acquainted with her conduct to her unfortunate parents, joyfully yielded to his son's solicitation, declaring that those who made *good daughters*,
could

could never make *bad mothers* or *wives*; and immediately settled upon her three thousand pounds.

The change of situation was wonderfully striking, for though her husband farmed his own estate, he never interfered with the laborious part of it; and instead of Sally being obliged to perform the domestic offices, three or four servants attended her orders.

To a mind, less modest and unassuming than her own, this elevation might have been *injurious*; but instead of assuming any airs of consequence, she endeavoured to appear more diffident and humble; yet at the same time, was so solicitous to acquire more polished manners, that in a few years, she appeared as completely well bred, as if she had been educated in the most polished circles.

Her doating husband, ever anxious to

augment her happiness, built a neat farm house upon his own estate; and found little difficulty in persuading his father-in-law, to quit an *old*, for a *new* habitation, and wholly reside near his favourite daughter. But this happiness was destined to be of short duration; for a few months after this desirable removal, the attractive object, who had drawn him to the spot, was unexpectedly removed from it; for not being sufficiently careful of a cold, it fell upon her lungs, and brought on a consumption, of which she died, in her twenty-fourth year: leaving two lovely pledges of her affection, to console her wretched husband for his irreparable loss. Her body was interred in Norwich Cathedral, with the following lines engraven on the stone:—

Here

Here lies interred beneath this stone,
The modest child of worth,
Who with such bright perfection shone,
As scarce is seen on earth.

Yet with a timid modest grace,
That worth she sought to hide,
Nor vainly thought a lovely face,
Sufficient cause for pride.

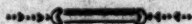
SARAH DODDINGTON, Obt. April 30, 1797.

Æ. 23.

EMMA

EMMA HAMILTON;

OR,

HUMAN VICISSITUDES.

AT a beautiful village, in one of the most cultivated parts of Devonshire, lived a West-India gentleman of the name of Hamilton; whose extensive benevolence, and uniform hospitality, insured him both the love and esteem of the surrounding neighbourhood. Generous from principle, and benevolent from feeling, his heart and purse were open to every claimant; and whilst he mitigated

the woes of the unhappy; he endeavoured to convince them he was conferring a favor on himself.

The amiable object of this worthy man's affection, was endowed with a disposition, no less generous than his own; and Hamilton Lodge, (which was the name of their abode) was the seat of virtue, and a receptacle for misfortune.

Happy in the affection of five healthy boys, the amiable pair imagined their felicity would not admit of an increase; but the birth of the little heroine of these memoirs, convinced Mrs. Hamilton it was capable of being augmented; and whilst she gazed with fondness on the beauty of its countenance, she silently petitioned heaven to inspire its mind with virtue.

I shall not attempt entertaining my
young

young readers, by a description of the infantine observations and remarks of the beautiful Emma ; but merely say, they were such as gave her parents the highest gratification, as they proved at once the quickness, as well as the strength of her understanding ; and though they were more anxious about the goodness of her heart, than the brilliancy of her mind, they were pleased at the prospect of beholding them united, Her disposition was mild, affectionate, and susceptible ; and so completely were her feelings under the influence of sensibility, that her tears flowed at the relation either of *real* or *fictitious* sorrow. This turn of mind, though highly praise-worthy, when under proper regulation, Mrs. Hamilton was convinced might be carried to an excess ; and instead of encouraging, she rather repressed its indulgence, from a conviction,

tion, that too great a portion of sensibility exposes its possessor to a thousand inconveniences.

Mrs. Hamilton during the infancy of her sons, had taken upon herself the office of instructor; but at the period of Amanda's birth, she had relinquished that occupation to a private tutor, as Mr. Hamilton's time, from being a member of parliament, and a justice of the peace, was too much engaged to permit him to undertake it: and this gentleman, whose name was Hodgson, likewise instructed Emma in writing and accounts, and regarded her with the fondness and affection of a father.

The disposition of Amanda was peculiarly amiable, or in all probability, it would have been ruined by indulgence; for she was an object of love and admiration throughout the house. Though
Mr.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton were exquisitely fond of all their children, yet there was a degree of tenderness, blended in affection, towards Amanda, which they did not feel towards any of their sons; and the boys were taught, both by their parents and their tutor, to relinquish their own pleasures, for the sake of gratifying their sister's. Yet this mode of conduct, which would infallibly have spoiled either a fretful or untoward temper, seemed only to increase the sweetness of Emma's; and when she perceived so many people anxious to contribute to *her happiness*, she felt herself doubly bound to promote their's.

Within a short distance of Hamilton Lodge, lived a gentleman of the name of Kington, who merely from the contiguity of situation, acquired a degree of intimacy in the family, though their character

ter and sentiments were totally dissimilar. Mr. Kington was one of those fashionable, though unthinking fathers, who, engaged in a course of business, or dissipation, become wholly indifferent to the duties attached to the name, or fancy that by placing their children under the care of some person capable of instructing them, in a superficial polish of manners, they have completely fulfilled every parental claim. Mrs. Kington's sentiments were perfectly congenial to her husband's; and during her whole residence in the country, she seldom saw her children more than once a day. This deprivation of parental tenderness, none of them seemed to consider as a misfortune; for accustomed, from their infancy, to the attention of dependants, they knew not the loss of maternal tenderness.

The intimacy, which subsisted between

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the two gentlemen, naturally brought on an acquaintance with their daughters; and though Emma delighted in her brother's society, yet a female companion was a desirable acquisition, and Eliza Kington was her frequent guest.

Eliza's temper was naturally sweet, and she derived from nature a liveliness of disposition that rendered her company always entertaining; but from the want of a proper education, she had acquired a habit extremely *unamiable*. A quickness of conception, and a brilliancy of imagination, gave her the power of enlivening conversation; and an ardent desire to be thought *amusing*, induced her to depend upon her inventive faculties; and when real objects of entertainment were wanting, her fertile genius formed imaginary ones; 'till, at length, she became so completely a story teller, that no de-
pendance

pendance could be placed upon her word.

This failing, which impartial people could not avoid discovering, fondness and affection totally concealed; and Emma, delighted with the conversation of her friend, gave implicit confidence to whatever she related. One beautiful evening, in the month of August, as Emma was listening to some anecdote of her friend's, as they were both walking by the side of the road, they were suddenly accosted by a person in distress, who, after lamenting the various changes it had been her lot to endure, and apologizing for the liberty she had taken, concluded her discourse by soliciting their charity.

The sympathizing feelings of the gentle Emma instantly urged her to comply with the request, when searching for the means of relieving the distressed, she recollected

she had spent her whole weekly allowance at the pastry-cook's, that very morning, though the servant, who attended her, endeavoured to oppose her laying so large a sum out in sweetmeats.

“Do lend me sixpence, dearest Eliza,” said the benevolent, amiable girl, “and upon my honor, I will pay you on Saturday morning; for my papa always gives us our allowance at the end of the week.”

“How I should *hate* having an *allowance*,” replied Eliza; “my papa always gives me as much money as I want; but I am now exactly in your situation, for I absolutely emptied my pockets at the pastry-cook's.”

“My pockets are not *empty*,” said the disappointed Emma, “for I have three new sixpences belonging to my brother Robert, which I have kept for him these
three

three months past; but I do not know whether it would be *right* to give any one of them."

"Oh give them *all*, my sweet young lady!" exclaimed the apparently distressed suppliant; "or whilst you are doubtful whether you are doing what is *right*, my poor sick child may starve for want of food."

"Have you *really* a sick child?" said Emma, drawing the money from her pocket.

"A *sick child*," replied the woman, "yes, God bless you, miss, and a *sick husband*, too, who now is at the point of death, and not one drop of cordial can I give him."—So saying, she took up the corner of her apron and pretended to sob violently.

"Here, take the money, my poor creature, and tell me where you live, for

I am sure mamma will make some cordial for them, so do not cry, or make yourself unhappy."

Though Emma cautioned the apparently unhappy woman against crying, she found herself unable to restrain her tears; for a sick child, and a dying husband, appeared to her the very climax of misfortune."

They had not proceeded far on their way home, when Emma heard her name several times repeated, without being able to discover who pronounced it;—at length, turning up a narrow lane, they perceived Robert running rapidly down the hill, and waving his handkerchief for them to stop. "My dearest Emma," said he, as he reached them, "I thought I never should have caught you—I want my three new sixpences *directly*, for poor old William is very bad; and you know

know papa was so displeased with him for getting tipsey, that he dare not ask the housekeeper's assistance; and I am sure he'll die for want of food, if no one buys it for him: come, my love, give it me this moment; I long to run and fetch him something good."

Emma now felt that she had no right to dispose of the property of another, without having previously obtained their consent; and that the poor old gardener, who had worked with her papa so many years, and had often, unrequested, supplied her with fruit, should now absolutely be in want of *food*, without her having the power of procuring it, was too painful a circumstance for her fortitude to sustain; and without making Robert any reply, she averted her head to conceal her tears.

"Come, come, Emma," said the impatient

patient boy, supposing his sister's attention had been attracted by a croud of people he saw approaching, "do not be staring after every thing you see, but give me my money directly,"

"I have *not got it*, Robert," replied Emma, in a tremulous and embarrassed tone of voice, "but I am very sorry for poor William's sake; and I hope Molly can lend me eighteen pence."

"Not got my *new sixpences*!" exclaimed Robert, "why surely you have not *spent* them." No reply being made to this interrogation, he proceeded in a still more angry tone of voice:—"I do not know what you think of your conduct, Emma, but I am sure it is very little better than *downright cheating*; and if I had not thought I could have depended upon your *honesty*, you should never have had my money to put in your purse."

The

The violence of Robert's displeasure, was here interrupted, by the unexpected appearance of Mr. Hodgson; who, perceiving Emma in tears, and Robert's countenance expressive of resentment, exclaimed, "Why Robert, what is the meaning of all this? Emma in tears, and you looking more like an enraged enemy, than an affectionate brother;—surely something very extraordinary must have happened, to occasion you to forget the softness due to every being in a female form, and much more to your *sister*."

"She has *spent* my three new sixpences, sir," replied Robert, evidently embarrassed at the rebuke; "but I did not mean to make her *cry about it*, only I was a little vexed at first."

"I have not *spent* them, indeed, brother," said Emma, "but gave them to a poor woman who was in terrible distress; her

her husband was dying and her child sick, and she had not one farthing in the world to purchase them one drop of comfort." She was prevented from proceeding, by the hooting of boys, and the approach of a throng of people; in the midst of whom, she discovered the very being who had interested her humanity, forcibly detained between two men.

"Oh sir," she exclaimed, pulling Mr. Hodgson by the coat, "what are they going to do with that poor creature?—and what will become of her husband and child, if they are going to do any thing to hurt her?"

Mr. Hodgson immediately enquired into the nature of the offence, and found she had told the same fabulous tale to a poor woman, who kept a small shop in the village, she had done to Emma; and that whilst she went into a back room to
fetch

fetch her a little wine, she had stolen several articles from off the counter; but the woman happening to miss them immediately, insisted upon searching her, and detected the theft.

"Then, perhaps, she found my new sixpences," exclaimed Robert, his eyes glistening with delight at the thought, "and then I shall be able to buy something nice for William." The party were by this time joined by Mrs. Hamilton; who thinking her daughter staid longer than usual, walked out in the hope of meeting her."

Whatever *pleased*, or whatever *pained*, was instantly imparted to this excellent parent; and Robert began relating the circumstance, in the hope his mamma would repay him for his loss.

"I will lend Emma eighteen-pence with all my heart, my love," said Mrs. Hamilton,

Hamilton, "and would *give it you*, did I not think she ought to feel some degree of inconvenience for her conduct; for as the money was *left under her care*, disposing of it in any way, must certainly be considered as a *breach of trust*; and an action of that kind in a person capable of *reflection*, would throw a stain upon their character which could never be effaced."

The very idea of being guilty of an action liable to censure, would at any time have mortified poor Emma's mind; but when her feelings were agitated by the circumstances which have been related, she was still less able to endure the reproach; and bursting into a violent flood of tears, she absolutely sobbed aloud.

"You must not give way to this kind of agitation," said Mrs. Hamilton,
4 taking

taking her tenderly by the hand, "for you will become at last so unfit for society, that instead of being its ornament, you will be thought its bane.—Sensibility and tenderness are amiable impressions; but by allowing them too great an ascendancy, you subvert the very purposes for which they were given, and convert a *blessing* into a curse.

"If I am not to reprove your failings, without the hazard of your falling into an hysteric, you will oblige me to suffer the growth of one evil, merely to prevent the appearance of another; and by that means, instead of benefiting by my experience, you will be a perfect child as long as you live.—It very seldom happens that I have any reason to be displeased with your conduct, and I am convinced you never willingly do *wrong*; but yet, my love, we all are prone to er-

ror, and in my child I do not seek *perfection*. Compassion and benevolence are estimable virtues, and I derive the highest gratification from knowing you possess them; but I would wish my Emma always to discriminate between a tale of *real*, or *fictitious* woe; because by being benevolent to objects, who are *unworthy*, you deprive yourself of the satisfaction of relieving the deserving."

"Yes, mamma," exclaimed Robert, "that is *very true indeed*: for if Emma had not given my eighteen-pence to that wicked woman, whom they have carried off to prison, I should have had it for our poor old William; but do not cry any more, my dearest Emma," he continued, kissing the tears which fell from her eyes, "for I cannot bear to see you so unhappy; and if I have said a word to vex you, pray forgive me, and think no more about it."

A second

A second embrace, from Mrs. Hamilton, completely soothed Emma's agitation; and promising to subdue this excess of sensibility, she took the arm of her friend and proceeded towards home, whilst Robert ran to the relief of the gardener, followed by his benevolent forgiving parent.

Eliza, delighted with the evening's adventure, refused her friend's invitation to stay and eat fruit, for the gratifying purpose of relating it; and the servant who had accompanied the young ladies in their walk, was ordered to attend her safe home. Seeing her mamma and company on the lawn, she hesitatingly stopped with the wish of joining them, thinking she should have more pleasure in telling them, than in imparting it to her governess, and her little sisters.

Mrs. Kington, observing her at a dis-

tance, immediately beckoned her to approach; and delighted at the idea of enlivening a whole party, by embellishing the circumstance which had just occurred, she joyfully attended the unexpected summons.

“Oh Eliza,” said Mrs. Kingston as she approached, “I want Sir Thomas to look at your gold medal; for as he is a perfect connoisseur in coins, he will be enabled to tell you to whose reign it belonged.”

This was an unexpected stroke to Eliza, who, notwithstanding her *boast* of not *liking* an *allowance*, would have been delighted to have had as much money as her friend; and who really had given the demanded medal to one of the maids, to sell for her to a travelling Jew. All thoughts of being *entertaining* immediately vanished: and with an embarrassed

barrassed look and faltering voice, she replied, "T-h-e *me-dal*, ma'am!—what the *me-dal*—that m-y grand-pa-pa—gave me?"

"Yes, to be sure, child," replied her mother, "you have not a perfect cabinet of antiques, that you need hesitate as to the choice; and if you have not got it in your purse, retire and fetch it for Sir Thomas."

Eliza immediately availed herself of this permission, and walking disconsolately towards the house, thought of a thousand different plans to save herself from censure and disgrace, when the idea of saying she had given it to the woman, whom she had just seen conveying to prison, occurred to her mind, and she immediately returned and joined the party.

"Well, Eliza, have you found it?"

M 3

exclaimed

exclaimed Mrs. Kington, seeing her return. "I hope you will not be displeased, ma'am," replied the inventive girl, "but as Miss Hamilton and me were walking along the road, we were accosted by a miserable looking object, who after describing a variety of afflictions, conjured us to bestow our charity, declaring she had a husband and five small children, and expiring from a violent disease; and that she had not a single farthing in the world, even to buy them a bit of bread.—Neither Eliza or myself had any money; and to prevent the hapless wretch from starving, I gave the little coin you wish to see."

"You could not have bestowed it better," said Sir Thomas, "and could I find the woman out, I would give her double the value of the little coin."

"She does not deserve your generosity, sir,"

sir," replied Eliza, "for she has proved a terrible impostor, and they have just taken her before the justice."

The hope of obtaining an additional medal to his collection, induced Sir Thomas immediately to quit the party; and enquiring where the justice lived, he arrived at the door just as he had made out a commitment for the woman to be sent to prison. He immediately told the circumstance which had been related, and requested that her person might undergo a search, and offering to give double its value; but the justice informed him, three new sixpences had been found in her pocket, but not a farthing of any other money, and endeavoured to persuade him there must have been some mistake, as the woman vowed, in the most solemn manner, that the young lady had not given her a single farthing.

Sir Thomas requested she might be detained, and immediately returned to Mr. Kington's; and whilst Eliza was telling her confidant the circumstance, and asking her advice how she must act, in case of a detection, she received a summons to attend her mother.

"For God sake, Miss Kington," said the terrified Betty, "don't betray me, for I should lose my place as sure as I am a living sinner, if your mamma was to find out that I had sold the thing; and I am sure I only did it to oblige you, for I never took one single penny for myself."

One deviation from truth, necessarily leads to a great number, and to support the falsehood she had so injudiciously invented, she was under the absolute necessity of inventing several more; and Sir Thomas returned to the seat of justice,
more

more strongly confirmed in the woman's guilt.

As the constables were conveying her to prison, she accidentally saw Mr. Hodgson, and conjured him to rescue her from an unmerited opprobrium by asking the young lady who had given her the sixpences, whether her friend had not refused to lend her any money, alleging as a reason, that she had none in her pocket.

Mr. Hodgson had so high an idea of *justice*, that he thought even the most vicious had a right to claim it; and going immediately to his little favourite, he made the enquiry the offender had requested, and obtained the answer she expected.

Thus detected, in a most wicked falsehood, the unprincipled Eliza was overwhelmed with shame; and so completely was her character ruined, by the circumstance, that she was carefully shunned by
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all her young acquaintance. Emma, who really loved her with the utmost tenderness, endeavoured to persuade her mamma to let her keep up the connection; but Mrs. Hamilton dreading the *influence of example*, and knowing the pliability of her daughter's temper, strenuously refused the request; though not without convincing her of the propriety of the refusal, by pointing out several instances, within her knowledge, where the most amiable characters had been subverted, merely by the influence of misguided friendship.

The affection which Emma had felt for her friend, was soon entirely occupied by her brothers; and though she had not any constant female companion, she occasionally visited the young ladies in the neighbourhood, with whom she was an universal favourite.

The accounts which Mr. Hamilton had
for

for several years received from the West Indies, had generally been of a disagreeable nature; but when he found the remittances were unpaid, he resolved immediately to visit the island: and preparations were made for his two eldest sons to accompany him. The idea of a separation from her father and brothers was a serious evil to a girl of Emma's feelings; but one of a heavier nature was still in store, which demanded the exertion of all her fortitude; for on the day previous to that on which Mr. Hamilton purposed leaving England, he received the melancholy news, that the blacks had rose upon the island and destroyed and burnt all his property there.

To a man with a family of six children, and a wife whom he loved with an excess of fondness, such intelligence must have been dreadful; but the rectitude of
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his heart, and the probity of his principles, enabled him to sustain it with fortitude; and, relying on the assistance and support of heaven, he sunk not under the afflicting stroke.

That entire resignation to the will of heaven, which every action of Mrs. Hamilton's life had uniformly displayed, convinced her attached, though wounded husband, that she would meet her fate with cheerfulness and composure: and without attempting to impose upon her by any illusive prospects, he candidly stated the situation of his affairs; and informed her, that the whole of his extensive property had fallen a prey to the misguided slaves, and that her jointure alone was safe.

Such an unexpected turn of affairs could not avoid paining the most philosophic mind, but with a calmness [that
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even astonished her husband, she immediately endeavoured to extract good from evil: and after merely lamenting the circumstance, on account of her children, congratulated herself upon their not being separated.

Several hours passed unobserved, in mutual suggestions as to their future plans, when Emma, astonished at her mother's absence, with a look of inquietude, opened the study door.

"Oh! you are *there* mamma," said she, "I really could not think where you were gone; and as Edward and Charles are to part from you so soon, I am sure they would be happy to enjoy your company."

"Come hither, my love," said the affectionate parent, attempting to force a smile upon her countenance, "I have something of importance I wish to communicate;

municate; and I am going to make trial of my Emma's resignation." Emma approached with an apprehensive countenance, and taking her mother's extended hand, pressed it with fervency upon her bosom. "If," continued Mrs. Hamilton; "you could avoid the painful anguish of separation from those whom you love best upon earth, would you consent to relinquish the greatest part of your fortune, and dwell contentedly beneath a cottage?"

"Relinquish *part* of my *fortune*!" exclaimed Emma, "with joy would I resign it *all* to keep my father and my brothers with me; but dear mamma, do tell me all? say, are they likely to remain in England?"

"Indeed, my love, they *are*; but yet to purchase this delightful blessing, we must resign external pomp and show; in short,

short, my Emma, your father's fortune is so much *decreased*, that we must change our present mode of life, and only try to compensate the loss by our increase of fondness and affection." Mr. Hamilton then explained to his daughter, the circumstances which had occasioned this intended change; and after proving to her that *happiness* did not depend upon *riches*, and convincing her that the gratification which is always to be derived from conscious rectitude, is wholly independant of outward circumstances; he congratulated her upon the composure with which she had received the intelligence; and leaving Mrs. Hamilton to make her acquainted with their future plans, he communicated the intelligence to his astonished sons.

As Mr. Hamilton had not purchased the Lodge, but had merely hired it upon a lease, an advertisement, to dispose of it,

was inserted in the papers; and in less than a month, from this total change of fortune, the whole family removed to London.

Had that excess of feeling, upon trifling occasions, which Emily displayed during her childhood, been suffered to grow upon her, how totally unable would she have been to support a change so completely mortifying. The carriages were parted with—the horses sold—and out of their large and numerous establishment, only one man and maid servant retained. Fortunately for Mr. Hamilton, he had friends in power, capable of proving their regard and esteem: and before he had been a fortnight in town, he was appointed to a place which brought him in two hundred a year. Whilst he fancied himself rich enough to provide for all his sons, he thought himself at liberty to educate them

them in a manner best suited to his inclination; but when he found it necessary for them to make *connections* in life, he felt it a duty to give them that advantage, and the younger ones were placed at Westminster school, and the two elder sent to college.

Mrs. Hamilton, anxious to augment her husband's income, proposed receiving two young ladies into her family: and a Emma had nearly completed her education, thought, that whilst assisting her in instructing them, she would be adding to the improvement of her own mind. The amiable girl, delighted at the proposal, intreated her father to consent to it; and the Earl of Sefton being made acquainted with Mrs. Hamilton's wishes placed his two little daughters under her care.

Emma's fondness for the children, and

attention to their education, was observed with delight by their affectionate father, who soon became so constant a guest of Mr. Hamilton's, that it was impossible to avoid discovering the cause; and Emma, who had always been gratified by his attention, had the happiness of receiving an offer of his hand.

An union, so every way above their hopes, could not fail delighting her attached parents; and Mrs. Hamilton could not help rejoicing at the loss of her own fortune, when she reflected, it had been the means of improving her child's.

Emma, when exalted to the rank of a Countess, was perfectly adored for her humanity and benevolence: and the same degree of sympathy for the unfortunate, she had felt when a child, was uniformly displayed when she became a woman, though

though her charity was then always directed by her judgment.

Lord Sefton's fondness daily increased; and when he perceived the delicate preference that was always paid to the lovely children of his former marriage, his eyes would frequently swell with tears, and he could only thank her for that proof of sweetness by some mark of tenderness bestowed upon her own.

The mutual happiness, which both experienced, remained uninterrupted many years; and when death divided the bands of tenderness, the unhappy Earl was perfectly inconsolable; but as age and infirmity were fast approaching, he anticipated the hope of a speedy re-union. Lady Sefton died in her fifty second year, and was interred in the vault of his Lordship's ancestors, and an elegant monument was

was raised to her memory, with the four following lines engraven upon it:—

Here truth, and sense, and beauty sleep!

Here every virtue lies!

Her husband, and her children weep,

Though she has gain'd the skies,

LUCY

LUCY LUTRIDGE;

OR,

VANITY PUNISHED.



LUCY LUTRIDGE was the only daughter of an eminent tradesman in the city; who having amassed a large fortune by the profits of his business, and being lucky enough to gain a thirty thousand pound prize in the lottery, purchased an estate within the vicinity of Brighton, and immediately commenced country squire.

Though Lucy was born in the neighbourhood of Wapping, she had received
her

her education at the West end of the town; for a sister of Mrs. Lutridge's having no children of her own, had requested to have the care of her niece; and as the lady herself was a constant invalid, she readily consented to the friendly proposal, on condition that the child was always permitted to pass the Sunday with its parents.

Mrs. Bowlesworth, (which was this relation's name) enjoyed some inferior situation about the court; though the perquisites and advantages which were annexed to it, put her (in point of circumstances) upon an equality with those in a very different sphere to herself. Low in birth, yet arrogant in mind, she assumed to herself the airs of a person of importance, and Lucy, from this pattern of vulgarity and pride, soon became above the authors of her existence; and when
she

she paid her Sunday visits, treated all her family with the most sovereign contempt. To her brothers, who were plain good kind of lads, she would scarcely even condescend to speak; and she was always drawing the most unfavourable comparisons between the *elegance* of a *courtier*, and the vulgarity of a citizen.

The death of her mother, which happened when she was about fourteen, appeared not to give her the shadow of concern; and the insensibility and coldness of her heart, could only be equalled by the weakness of her understanding. A few months after this melancholy event, Mr. Lutridge received the addition to his fortune; and, by the persuasion of Mrs. Bowlesworth, purchased the estate on which the family resided.

The equipage and liveries were all under her direction, and she affectionately
gave

gave up her situation at St. James's, for the purpose of conducting her brother-in-law's family, as she did not think her niece old enough to be intrusted with the care.

The delight which Lucy felt at this newly acquired consequence, was testified by a thousand childish follies; and whilst she anticipated the pleasures she should enjoy at Brighton, she even flattered herself with the hope of captivating the prince.—This idea so completely charmed her mind, that she was always studying the most likely way of succeeding: and as she was fond of dancing, she was indefatigable in her zeal to attain perfection. Her person, unfortunately, was much in her disfavour; for to a figure, but little above four feet, was combined a sufficient degree of corpulency to have composed a man of six.—With the intent

tent of adding to this dwarfish stature, she wore a pyramid of feathers, three quarters of a yard high; and her shoes were calculated to elevate her so much above the ground, that she absolutely tottered instead of walked.

The very dashing appearance of this new chariot and four, as it repeatedly drove round the Stiene, could not fail attracting general observation; and the master of the ceremonies was soon informed it belonged to the owner of Lewes Vale, which was the name of the seat Mr. Lutridge had just purchased.

Lucy had been informed, by some of her young acquaintance, that the master of the ceremonies was considered as a person of nearly as much consequence as the Prince of Wales; and whoever wished to be treated with *public attention*, must make a point of shewing him *pri-*

vate civility. She was therefore resolved not to be deficient in politeness; and when he paid the family a morning visit, she treated him with the most profound respect and deference.

Just as she was adorning her person for the ball, and embellishing her charms by a profusion of finery, her maid came running into the room, to inform her, that a coronet's carriage had overturned near the gate, and that a gentleman in it had broke his leg.

Though her heart was a stranger to humanity and tenderness, yet the prospect of having a *nobleman* for her *guest*, at once delighted and gratified its feelings; and calling immediately to her father, she conjured him to invite the stranger to his house.

The young nobleman (who called himself Lord Derry) said, he had only a few days

days arrived from Ireland, and had left his valet sick upon the road; and as he did not chuse to trust him to strangers, without knowing he was properly attended, the footman was to remain until he was able to travel, and both had orders to follow him to Brighton.

This trait of humanity, in a man of such *importance*, could not fail interesting the family in his favour; and that a nobleman should consent to travel unattended, for the purpose of having his domestic taken care of, was thought an uncommon instance of feeling and condescension.

A surgeon, from Lewes, was immediately sent for, who decidedly pronounced the bone unbroken, though it was thought dangerous for his lordship to pursue his journey; and after a thousand apologies, for the trouble he gave the family, he

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consented

consented to become their guest for a few days.

A long consultation took place between the ladies, as to the propriety of leaving the *noble stranger*; when after various opinions upon the subject, it was determined, that Mr. Lutridge should remain at home to entertain him; but his daughter and sister make their appearance at the ball. The old gentleman opposed the decision, declaring, he thought it was Lucy's *duty* to stay and make the house *agreeable* to his lordship; adding, with a significant nod, "and who knows, sister, if she was to tweedle-dee to him a little, upon the grand *pinar*, what might be the consequence?—for music, you know, has charms to soothe the savage breast!—hey sister!—hey!—a *lord* for a *son-in-law*, would be no bad thing."

Mrs. Bowlesworth drew up her head, declaring,

declaring, that what with Lucy's *fortune*—her person—and her *accomplishments*, she had a right to expect an *illustrious alliance*, but that it would not be proper for her to visit his Lordship that evening: and concluded by saying, she certainly looked more captivating in an *elegant dishabille*, than in the most *fashionable full dress*.

This important matter being adjusted, the ladies retired to the business of the toilet, and Mr. Lutridge to the apartment of his noble guest; having first ordered a supper to be prepared, at least, sufficient for a dozen persons.

The confusion into which the family had been thrown, by the unexpected visit of this illustrious stranger, absolutely affected every part of it; and when the ladies were in readiness to depart, the footmen appeared in their undrest liveries.—The additional delay this cir-

cumstance occasioned tended to add to the lateness of the hour, and they did not arrive at the scene of exultation, until the minuets were nearly closed.

A figure adorned in so conspicuous a style, could not avoid attracting the attention of the whole assembly; and the exultation that glowed in the young lady's countenance, proved the gratification she derived from general observation, and the excess of her *vanity*, in believing herself *admired*. Mr. W—— respectfully approached them, but when he heard she intended dancing a minuet, it was with the utmost difficulty he could refrain from laughter, and was obliged to make an excuse for averting his head.

If every eye had been directed towards Miss Lutridge upon her first entering the room, how must they have been fixed upon her, when they perceived her led out

to

to dance; and with the utmost *effort* of *good-breeding*, it was absolutely impossible to suppress a smile. The prince, who had fortunately entered just as she was leading up the room, stood perfectly transfigured with surprize: but when he saw the confidence with which she acquitted herself, he thought it no longer necessary to disguise his feelings, and loudly expressed the entertainment he had derived from the exhibition; declaring, he would not but have seen it for a hundred pounds.

This satirical assurance was received as a *compliment*, by the person to whom it was intended as a reproach: who drawing herself up, with an appearance of delight, walked majestically towards her seat, viewing the dress of a young lady who sat next her, with a most contemptuous and supercilious stare. Nothing could

could be greater than the contrast of their persons; the one all loveliness, elegance, and ease, seemed totally unconscious of her numerous attractions—whilst the other, without a single trait of beauty, appeared to claim a general admiration. Their dress was as completely opposite as their persons; the one wore a plain white muslin, without any other ornament upon her head than an exuberance of fine hair, formed into the most fanciful and becoming shape—whilst the other was adorned in a vest of crape and silver, trimmed with a variety of different coloured velvet, ill chosen, and vulgarly displayed; whilst her head seemed scarcely able to sustain the load of plumes, bands, and ribbons.

As the conceited girl perceived her aunt engaged in conversation, with the lady who sat next her, she concluded it was

was a general practice at public places, and therefore, though she had but a contemptible opinion of the young lady who sat next her, she opened the intercourse by observing, there were a *vast* number of *vulgar-looking, ill-dressed people* there that evening, and wondering that the master of the ceremonies would suffer them to be admitted; declaring, that she thought it ought to be a part of his office, to make people dress according to their *fortunes*; and then, continued she, looking at herself with an eye of satisfaction, "one might have the pleasure of being *respected* according to *one's appearance*."

"*That kind of respect*," said the young lady, in a modest, but sweet tone of voice, "would be *too easily obtained*, to afford any satisfaction to the receiver of it; and, if the master of the ceremonies was to have the task of arranging the ladies, dresses,

dresses, a man-milliner would be the only proper person to undertake the office."

"I did not expect," she replied, giving a supercilious glance at her companion's dress, "you would be a convert to my sentiments; but pray tell me," continued she, "do *people of fashion* generally come *early* or *late* to these assemblies? for my father has but very lately purchased an estate in this neighbourhood, and I am ignorant of methods which are adopted to distinguish the *higher*, from the *lower orders* of society."

"My mother generally is earlier than most of her acquaintance," said the condescending girl, "and we were here an hour before you came."

"Do you *live* in Brighton?" asked the scrutinizing Lucy; and being answered in the affirmative, replied, "well then, of course, *you* do not set the fashions, though

though you may *follow* what your *better* lead."

The conversation was here interrupted by the appearance of the master of the ceremonies, who in a respectful manner, enquired whether her *Ladyship* adhered to her resolution of not dancing that evening? and added, that her Grace of M—— wished to see her in the ball room.

Lady Charlotte immediately arose, and making a slight courtesy to her mortified companion, was followed by her French governess, who had been seated on the other side; but who from not understanding the English language, had not been able to comprehend any part of the preceding conversation.

It was some moments before Lucy was able to recover from the agitation this unexpected discovery had occasioned. That she

she should have offered an *insult* to the daughter of a *Duke*, was the most distressing circumstance that could have happened; yet, who would have supposed that a young *woman of fashion* would have appeared in a dress, that the daughter of a common *tradesman* would have been *ashamed of wearing*? The pleasure of the evening was totally destroyed; and she intreated her aunt would order the carriage and return immediately to the Vale.

Mrs. Bowlesworth thought that the better way would be to wait and apologize for the affront, and proposed retiring into the card room; when, to the mortification of both ladies, they were informed that Lady Charlotte was gone home.

Whilst Miss Lutridge and her aunt were lamenting the mistake, which had been committed at the assembly, the hospitable
master

master of Lewes Vale was entertaining his noble guest with the history of his family, and throwing out oblique hints for the disposal of his daughter; and by the time they had drank three bottles of Burgundy between them, he openly declared he should like him for a son-in-law; protesting, he would give his daughter *thirty thousand pounds on the day of marriage.*"

"A bargain," exclaimed the young nobleman, "but you must give it me down in black and white; for it will be the only palliative I can offer my father, for venturing to act in opposition to his plans.—You must know, we have lately had a most desperate quarrel, in consequence of my refusing to marry the rich heiress of the Earl of Kerry; to whom I have so violent an aversion, that I would rather become the husband of a negro,
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than lead such a horrid monster to the altar.

"I doubt your heart, my lord," replied the enraptured father, "can only be resigned to *perfect beauty*; if so, I fear my Lucy will not touch it: for though her aunt conceives her all perfection, I know a *thousand prettier girls* than her."

"'Tis the *mind*, Mr. Lutridge, *the mind*, that must make an impression on my feelings: and to your daughter's *worth* I am no stranger, though to her person I am still unknown."

"Acquainted with my daughter's character!" said the astonished father. "Yes," continued his Lordship, "is there any thing surprising in the declaration?—why, my dear sir, every nobleman at court was proud of singing your fair Lucy's praise."

Unable to contain the joy this intelligence

gence afforded, the delighted father absolutely capered about the room; and was only checked in his phrenzy of delight by his Lordship proposing to relinquish one third of his patrimonial estates, if he did not marry the accomplished fair one; on condition her father would forfeit her fortune, in case of a change taking place in his sentiments.

To this proposal, no objection was made; and the mutual agreement was just signed and delivered, when the ladies unexpectedly returned, three hours sooner than they had intended.

The impatient lover, anxious to behold the object of his future tenderness, intreated to be indulged with the sight that night; protesting, that he feared his impatience and solicitude might be attended with the most dangerous consequences, as he had been subject, from a child, to a

constitutional fever, which was always brought on by *anxiety* or *disappointment*.

The alarmed man immediately retired, and acquainting his sister-in-law with the evening's adventure, was blest with the sound of *her approbation*; a circumstance that might have been considered as a very fortunate and happy omen, from the singularity of seldom happening.

The prospect of becoming a lady of *quality*, animated every feature in our heroine's countenance; and shocked at the idea of the anticipated *fever*, she resolved to use her endeavours to prevent its approach, and immediately to pay the requested visit.

His Lordship was stretched at his ease upon the sofa, wrapped in an elegant chintz morning gown, which had been taken

taken from one of the travelling trunks, immediately after his arrival at the Vale. He expressed his distress at being unable to rise, and the high sense he entertained of the honour that was done him, in the most perfect strain of courtier-like compliment; and delighted the aunt, no less than the *niece*, by the eulogium paid to her personal and mental charms.

Every meeting, which took place between the lovers, served but to strengthen the violence of their attachment; and before his Lordship had been a week at the Vale, the lady condescended to take a trip to Scotland. The reason the Peer assigned for this measure, was, that no settlements could be made without his father's concurrence; and he pretended to dread Mr. Lutridge's displeasure, if the Earl refused his consent to the alliance.

The elegance of his Lordship's person—the liveliness of his wit—and the excess of tenderness he pretended to feel for his mistress, completely subdued her unattached heart; and without reflecting upon the *impropriety* of the *measure*, she unreluctantly consented to the proposal.

A small bribe secured the favor of her servant, who, not only consented to attend her to Scotland, but undertook to secure the carriage, as her own lover was postilion at the White Hart, at Lewes; and on the fifteenth day, after his Lordship's arrival at the Vale, he took his departure from it with his entertainer's daughter.

Upon the discovery of this imprudent step, Mr. Lutridge expressed the highest disapprobation; and his eldest son, who had just arrived from London, agonized him with terror, by the following advertisement,

tisement, which had been inserted in all the London papers:—

“ ADVERTISEMENT.

“ If the valet, who was intrusted with Lord Derry’s baggage, with the intent of embarking with it in one of the Brighton packets, does not immediately assign a *reason* for its *detention*, or deliver it into the care of the Earl of Kilbourn, his person will be advertised in all the papers, and he will be proceeded against, with all the rigour the laws of the country will permit.”

The paper the young man had fortunately got with him, and the tenor of it was calculated to alarm the most incredulous mind.—The *pretended Lord Derry* was certainly the *valet*; and *thirty thousand*

sand pounds would be sacrificed to a sharper.

Horses and carriages were ordered to the door, and the distracted father, and enraged brother, set off without delay, on their way to Scotland. They travelled without stopping for the slightest refreshment ; but all their speed proved unavailing ; the indissoluble knot was firmly tied, and the new created peeress was soon stripped of her fresh budding honours.

They were met by their pursuers, about ten miles from the Green ; when the exasperated parent accosted the man, whom he had fancied would have been such an honor to his family, with the most opprobrious language and low abuse : declaring, he had *stole* and *robbed* him of his daughter, and vowing vengeance against him for the action.

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The credulous girl set absolutely petrified with astonishment, scarcely able to trust to the evidence of her senses, until the enraptured husband, taking her tenderly by the hand, besought her to *forgive the innocent deception*; and vowing, the whole of his life should be devoted to her happiness. In less than half an hour, both the carriages stopped for the purpose of changing horses, when the pretended nobleman requested five minutes private conversation, in a separate apartment, with his enraged father-in-law; and producing the paper, which entitled him to thirty thousand pounds, he demanded the immediate payment of the sum, and declared his resolution of leaving his bride, unless her relations would treat him with civility and kindness; protesting, he had merely assumed his master's name, for the purpose of travelling with
greater

greater comfort, and that he should not have thought of engaging the affections of his wife, had not her father absolutely offered her to him.

A few moments spent in calm reflection, convinced Mr. Lutridge he had been the *person most to blame*; and as his daughter professed an attachment for her husband, in spite of the imposition he had practised upon her, he thought it would be better to hush up the affair, and endeavour to render him as respectable as possible, by appearing to countenance the alliance.

To retain the character he had assumed, the pretended nobleman knew was impossible; but as he was not known to have been a dependant by any but his father-in-law, and his family, he thought he might pass himself off for a gentleman of fortune, and, by that means give a
sanction

sanction to the step his wife had taken.— But the disclosing newspaper, had made his conduct public, and every tongue was occupied in repeating the whole tale.

Lucy, unable to support the mortification, soon became anxious to quit the humiliating scene; and her husband, eager to enjoy the pleasures of the metropolis, joyfully yielded to her solicitation, though he would not consent that Mrs. Bowlesworth should accompany them.

Every species of fashionable vice, was pursued by the unthinking man, with unabating ardour: and whilst he could figure away in a splendid equipage, he was received in society much superior to himself.

Lucy's mortifications commenced with her marriage, but they terminated only with her life; for her husband's person was so completely known, that she never
went

went into public without experiencing some degree of that painful sensation. Sometimes, she would hear the servants exclaim "*make way for the Earl of Derry;*" at others, she would hear them call out, "*Lord, or no Lord; or, the bold push for a wife.*" This continual mortification to her pride, required a greater degree of philosophy to bear, than her weak mind was capable of exerting; and her temper, which had always been extremely fretful, became so thoroughly unpleasant, that her husband scarcely spent an hour at home; and would often leave her for weeks together, without letting her know where he spent his time.

The expensive style in which they lived, soon reduced their ample fortune; and as no part of it had been settled upon herself, her future prospects were very melancholy. The death of Mrs. Bowlesworth,

worth, about three years after this deceptive marriage, secured an independance for her unfortunate niece, by leaving her the sum of five thousand pounds, totally independant of her husband. The unprincipled man was no sooner made acquainted with this circumstance, than he appeared to repent his former conduct; and by the most affectionate attention to his wife, easily won her entire confidence, and under pretence of purchasing a beautiful seat in Berkshire, (which he promised to settle wholly upon herself), persuaded her to resign the five thousand pounds; but no sooner had he got it in his possession, than he took his passage in a ship bound for America, without leaving the too credulous Lucy, even in possession of a single guinea.

This mortifying, unexpected calamity, the unfortunate young woman was unable

able to sustain; and yielding to the violence of strong passions, she soon brought on a violent fever, which in less than a fortnight terminated her life. A gentleman, who was acquainted with her history, wrote the following lines upon her death; and as her father did not object to the proposal, he had them engraven on her tomb:—

The victim of folly—of pride—and of art,
Beneath this cold marble remains;
Yet, pity her failings, and hope that her heart,
Was refin'd by affliction's hard claims!

Misfortune has often been known to reclaim;
And Lucy, perhaps, may be blest!
But sympathy drops a soft tear to her name,
And wishes her spirit at rest.

LUCY WARREN, Obt. Nov. 9th. 1798. *Æ*. 21.

FRANCES

FRANCES HINDOS;

OR,

THE AMIABLE ORPHAN.

As Captain Manwaring was rowing down to his ship, with an intent of sailing immediately for England, the boat was hailed by a black servant; who standing upon the beach, from which he had just descended, extended his hand, in which he held a letter. The boatmen were immediately ordered to return; and upon the Captain opening the received packet, he

was astonished at perusing the following words :

“ Captain Manwaring’s honor has been too often tried, for the slightest distrust to be entertained of it; and as a proof of the estimation in which it is held, a sacred trust will be committed to his care, if he consents to receive it under his protection. A lady, solicitous to return to her friends, in England, who will require the most eligible accommodation, and the attention of an experienced female, (which it is understood the Captain has now on board his ship,) will pay five hundred guineas for her passage, on condition, of being permitted to remain solely in her cabin, with only the person alluded to for her companion, or a few occasional visits from her humane protector.”

The singularity of the style, and the mysterious veil that was thrown over the lady’s

lady's person, and situation, could not avoid awakening the Captain's curiosity : yet the writer must have been perfectly acquainted with his affairs, to know he had such a female on board the ship. For this female he immediately sent, and demanded whether she should like the office : and being answered in the affirmative, he consented to receive the unknown stranger, having a vacant accommodation on board the ship.

In less than two hours, from the time of the agreement, a superb Palanquin was observed upon the strand ; and by the motions made to the sailors, who were looking at it, they guessed it was waiting for the swelling tide. The boat in a short time was sent to receive it ; and when it arrived at the side of the ship, an elegant female, closely veiled, was lifted from it into a chair, and conducted by

the Captain into her cabin. The same servant, who had delivered the letter, waited to see the lady in her place of retirement; when giving a five hundred pound note into Captain Manwaring's hands, and presenting a purse to the female attendant, he took a silent but respectful leave, and requested to be immediately put on shore.

Fortunately for the stranger, as she was so solicitous to be concealed, there were no other females on board the ship; and the Captain, who was totally devoid of curiosity, never attempted prying into her affairs.

Her conversation was modest, elegant, and refined, yet she never mentioned her private affairs; and would sit whole hours at her cabin window, looking anxiously towards the English shore. The person who attended her, was charmed with

with her sweetness; and merely from feeling interested in her welfare, enquired if she had friends resident in London to whom she was to be intrusted upon her arrival there? To these interrogations she merely received an affirmative reply; and was checked in her curiosity by a positive assertion that she should know her history as soon as she was out of the ship; adding, that even the life of her protector depended upon no suspicion of his having aided her departure, ever reaching the Indian coast.

The appearance of her person, soon after she arrived on board, convinced her companion she was a married woman; but whether she was flying *from*, or going *to a husband*, for some months, remained a total secret; and was then only discovered by incoherent expressions, which
burst

burst from her lips during the paroxysms of a fever.

She would then exclaim, "Oh, my Edward! my beloved brother, to what unheard of misery was I consigned; and had it not been for the generous Montague's assistance, my life must have fallen a victim to *his cruelty*." She would then start wildly up in her bed, uttering the most violent and terrified screams; and throwing her arms round her attendant's neck, conjure her to save her from her husband's power.

The agitated and perturbed state of her mind, added so much to the violence of her disease, that the surgeon absolutely despaired of her recovery; and on the fifth day after the attack, she lost her sorrows, and her life, immediately after the birth of the heroine of this tale.

Scarcely had the infant received the
breath

breath of life, when it was in the utmost danger of having it extinguished; for in searching a small chest of apparel, in the hope of finding some cloaths to dress it in, a spark unfortunately fell amongst them, unperceived by the humane attendant, who had scarcely adorned it in the elegant attire, she found ready prepared for its reception, when she perceived a thick smoke issue from the chest, and in a moment after, the flames burst from it.

The violence of her shrieks alarmed the whole crew, and two of them rushing into the cabin, at the hazard of their lives, caught up the blazing chest, and immediately threw it out of the window, and by that means, preserved the whole ship from destruction.

In searching the chest for the infant's cloathing, the nurse perceived several
large

large packets of letters, but was unable to recollect to whom they were addressed; and by the loss of those valuable disclosures, there was no possibility of tracing the child's protectors, unless by any circumstance they had been previously made acquainted with its mother's intention of embarking for England; and this distant hope was scarcely to be indulged, as Captain Manwaring recollected having heard her say, she should send some letters express, upon her arrival in the Downs, and remain in the ship until the messenger's return.

Captain Manwaring's heart was the seat of every manly and noble sentiment, but unfortunately for the peace of that gentle mansion, he was united to a woman whose turbulence of temper and suspicion of mind, rendered his home one continued scene of quarrel and contention; and he
was

was well aware that by introducing the little orphan into such a residence, he should be opening to it a source of unceasing disquiet, and laying a foundation of unhappiness for himself. The person, to whose management it had hitherto been consigned, he knew to be a woman of excellent character; and as she had been intrusted with the care of some young ladies, who went out to India in his ship, he resolved, in case of no claim being made on the little Frances, (the name by which he had it called), to place her under this worthy creature's protection, until, upon his return to India, he could develope into the mystery that had attended her birth, and resign her into the hands of her mother's brother, whom he had reason to believe resided in England.

Mrs. Woodthorp, the excellent nurse of the lovely child, was perfectly delighted.

lighted at the generous man's proposal; and as no enquiries were made, upon the ship's arrival in England, after any female passenger which had been conveyed by it, Captain Manwaring naturally concluded the unfortunate stranger had quitted the island without the concurrence of any of her relations, and the letters, which had been so lucklessly destroyed, were intended to explain her motive for doing it.

As Captain Manwaring felt an attachment for the child, he desired Mrs. Woodthorp to take a house near his country residence; and though he had a numerous family of his own, Fanny possessed a large portion of his affection. A few months after his arrival in England, he was attacked with a tedious and dangerous complaint, which, though it did not confine him to the house, prevented him from thinking of returning to India; and

Fanny had attained her fifth year, before he was able to take the command of a ship.

The infant caresses of the lovely child, had by that time so completely engaged the worthy man's affection, that the prospect of a separation from her was infinitely more distressing than from his own; and when she heard he was going to depart, she clung round his knees with such an excess of fondness, and intreated him *not to leave her*, with such persuasive innocence, that he absolutely had thoughts of taking her in the ship, and had he not been dissuaded from it by Mrs. Woodthorpe, certainly would have complied with the affectionate request.

Mrs. Manwaring, during her husband's residence at Clapham, had often watched him unperceived, during his morning's rambles; and, with the utmost indignation,

tion, beheld his daily visits directed to the cottage of the worthy Woodthorpe; and convinced, in her opinion of his infidelity, resolved to contrive some method of having it confirmed; and for this purpose, watched the motions of the child, with the intention of satisfying her curiosity.

She had long endeavoured to obtain a few minutes conversation with the child, without the observation of the person whom she fancied to be its mother, and at length perceived it crossing the common, led by a girl about twelve years old.

Fortunately for her, her hat was on, and without waiting until the servants could fetch her cloak, she hurried out of the drawing room, and overtook them within a few yards of the little cottage.

“You are a *lovely* little brown girl,”
said

said the artful woman, tapping the child gently upon the shoulder, "and what is your name?" "Fanny, Ma'am," said the little cherub, raising her lovely smiling face, and dropping one of her best courtseys. "And whose little girl are you?" "My papa's," continued the child, heaving, as she spoke, a deep, and an expressive sigh. "But why do you *sigh*, is not your papa *good to you*?" "Oh, yes, *good indeed*; but he is going away from me, and that's what makes me sigh so sadly." "Well but your mamma will remain behind, and she is equally *kind*, is she not?"

"My poor mamma is *dead*," replied the child, shaking her little head and looking dejected as she spoke; but my nurse is very kind, and loves me *dearly*; but I want a great many folks to *love me*, for I like to *be loved*."

The question of *what was her papa's name?* was almost unnecessary, yet Mrs. Manwaring resolved to ask it; and the reply confirmed the darkness of suspicion.

Violent in her passions, and strong in her resentments, she absolutely alarmed her husband with the display of them; and it was in vain that he attempted to appease her anger, by disclosing all he knew of the little Fanny's history. A few days after this unfortunate discovery, the ship he commanded received orders for sailing! and happy in quitting so unamiable a companion, the worthy man immediately embarked, assuring Mrs. Woodthorpe he would not quit India without discovering the mystery which enveloped her lovely charge.

This friendly resolution the benevolent Captain never could accomplish: for soon after the ship had passed the Cape,
it

it was overtaken by a violent storm, and every soul on board perished? This melancholy and afflicting intelligence was imparted to Mrs. Woodthorpe by one of the executors, who informed her, upon opening his friend's will, he found a legacy of two thousand pounds left to the child, with orders that she should remain in her present situation, until she was old enough to be sent to school; but as Mrs. Manwaring expressed a desire to have it placed under her protection, he did not think himself authorised to refuse the request, particularly, as she had said, the sum allowed for her board would be an advantage to her in the confined state of her income, which only amounted to three hundred a year.

The death of a man so every way deserving, was a serious misfortune to all his acquaintance; but to one, who in

a great measure existed on his bounty, it certainly appeared in an aggravated shape, and the unhappy woman absolutely seemed scarcely able to support its weight.

The screams of the child soon silenced her own sorrows, and she conjured the informer of this melancholy news, by the affection he had borne his friend, strictly to fulfil his last injunction, and not expose an helpless infant to the illiberal prejudice of an unbelieving woman.

Neither Fanny's cries, or her nurse's intreaties made any impression upon Mr. Salmon's heart; and the idea of serving the widow of his friend, (to whose unamiable temper he was a total stranger) induced him to deviate from his *last injunction*; and a footman was sent to carry the child, who, with difficulty, could disengage it from its nurse's arms, and the man, who was blest with a great share of feeling,

feeling, shed tears whilst performing the painful task.

From the moment of Fanny's reception into the family, she was considered, both by Mrs. Manwaring and her daughters, as a being who had deprived them of a part of their inheritance; and instead of being treated with kindness and affection, she was destined to endure both coldness and cruelty.

Though Mrs. Woodthorpe thought her temper remarkably *sweet*, yet Captain Manwaring had observed it was naturally *resolute*; and perceiving that severity would totally destroy it, had even mentioned the school she was to be placed at, from knowing the gentleness of the governess's disposition.

The absolute change in the conduct of those around her, produced as great an alteration in the manners of the child; and, instead of that affectionate softness,
which

which had been so peculiarly attractive, she suddenly became melancholy and dejected, and unless she was commanded to change her seat, would sit for hours together with her intelligent eyes intently bent upon the portrait of her benefactor.

The severity with which she was treated by the unfeeling Mrs. Manwaring, and the unkindness she received from all her children, the unfortunate Fanny sustained with calmness, whilst she was suffered to pay occasional visits to her beloved nurse; but when forbid the enjoyment of that only gratification, she could no longer refrain from expressing her *resentment*; and though she had only just entered her ninth year, told her persecutor she had no *right* to deprive her of *this indulgence*, as her dear papa had intended she should live constantly with her nurse.

This unexpected reproach from so
young

young a child, was considered as a proof of the most *daring temper*; and she was kept for a week upon bread and water, by way of humbling the insolence of her untoward spirit, and was constantly confined in a small closet, because she refused soliciting Mrs. Manwaring's pardon.

The closeness of the confinement, and the hardness of the fare, had evidently injured the unfortunate child's constitution; and the servants, with whom she was an universal favourite, circulated the report of their mistress's cruelty, until it reached the ears of the humane Mrs. Danvers, who was intimately acquainted with the Captain's executors, to whom she immediately related the inhuman circumstance.

Mr. Salmon, who was really a feeling and benevolent character, immediately called upon the widow of his friend, and without appearing to know what had happened,

pened, demanded the sight of his little ward.

“She is just now under *disgrace*, Mr. Salmon,” said the inhuman being who had inflicted it, “and if she knows you have been here, without condescending to see her, it may be the means of conquering her haughty spirit, which I assure you requires *severity* to manage; and it is impossible to describe half the trouble and uneasiness that overbearing temper of her’s occasions me.”

“Different dispositions, Madam,” replied Mr. Salmon, “require different methods; and, as from all accounts, *your’s* has *failed*, I shall make trial of the Lady’s Captain Manwaring appointed, and spare you all further trouble with my ward.”

The idea of her conduct being publicly exposed, immediately alarmed the conscious Mrs. Manwaring; and flying to the spot where her prisoner was confined,

fined, she resolved, unconditionally, to set her free.

“ Well, Fanny,” said she, as she opened the door, “ do not you think you have been very *wicked* to refuse begging pardon when you had committed a fault? but to prove that I am willing to forget your failings, I am quite ready to set you at liberty, without your *asking my forgiveness*, if you will promise never to mention our quarrel, and will try to *love me*, as well as you do *nurse Woodthorpe*,”

“ I cannot promise that, Ma’am,” replied the child, without lifting her eyes from off the floor, “ if I was to stay here for ever.” “ And why cannot you *promise it*?” said she, checking the anger this speech produced. “ Because,” continued Fanny, “ Nurse Woodthorpe always *loved me*, and always used me *kindly*—and never *beat me*—nor ever *locked me*

me up—nor ever kept me upon *bread and water*.”

Mr. Salmon, who became impatient to behold his ward, vociferated her name at the bottom of the stairs; and the delighted child, absolutely reanimated with the voice of kindness, instantly sprang from off her seat, and hastily ran towards the stairs; but debilitated by confinement and want of food, she was very near falling down them; and had not her guardian, who was then ascending, caught her in his arms, she would certainly have precipitated from top to bottom.

“My dearest child,” exclaimed Mr. Salmon, gazing at her with a mixture of tenderness and compassion, “what has been the matter? why was I not told you were *ill*? Good heavens, Madam,” continued he, darting a look of indignation at the inhuman woman, “is this
the

the care you have taken of an helpless child?—I perceive,” added he, “ the reports I have heard are too well founded; and condemn myself for breaking the injunctions of my friend.”

“ Tell me, my love,” said he, kissing the palled cheek of the trembling child, “ is it true that you have suffered a week’s confinement, and only been sustained by bread and water?”

“ Pray, sir, do not ask me any questions,” replied Fanny, “ for my nurse used to tell me, that *tellers of tales*, were as bad as *tellers of stories*, and I never told one in all my life.”

“ You are a *good little girl*,” said Mr. Salmon, patting her affectionately on the cheek, “ and deserved to have met with kinder friends. “ *No*,” said Fanny, shaking her head, and looking very sorrowful, “ I am *not* a good girl, *now Sir*, because I have nobody to *love me* when

I am so; but when I lived with dear Nurse Woodthorpe, I never once was naughty in my life."

"Well," replied her guardian, "then I hope you never will be so again: and as living with Mrs. Woodthorpe is the way to insure your good behaviour, get on your bonnet, and I will take you there directly."

The depressed situation of the amiable child's spirits, rendered her wholly unfit to sustain the joy of this intelligence; and had she not found relief in tears, the excess of happiness would have been insupportable.

The worthy woman, whom she had anticipated so much pleasure at beholding, had been obliged to give up her little cottage, and hire a couple of rooms at another part of the town; for when she was prohibited the sight of her little favourite, she could not bear remaining

within view of the house. She was sitting reading at her little parlour window, when Mr. Salmon's carriage stopped at the door; and taking off her spectacles, with the utmost expedition, she ran with eagerness to enquire after her young lady's health.

"I am here, nurse! I am here!" exclaimed a little voice, though the carriage was too high for her to look into it. "What!" replied the delighted woman, "am I once more to be blest with a sight of my *darling*?" so saying, she opened the chariot door, and they were instantly locked within each other's arms.

Mr. Salmon then informed the attached woman of the punishment her favourite had endured; and after cautioning her against letting her *load* her *stomach*, promised Fanny should remain her guest till after Christmas, at which time he intended placing her at school.

The satisfaction she derived from her nurse's society, soon restored both her health and spirits; and the same degree of cheerfulness which had enlivened her infancy, now animated her years of childhood. Her guardian was delighted at beholding the change; and when he placed her at the school, that had been appointed by the will of her worthy benefactor, he informed her governess she was all sweetness and pliability, when treated with *gentleness*; but not easily governed by *force*, or *constraint*."

Though our little heroine soon became an universal favourite, she likewise selected a particular friend; and before she had been three months a resident, Charlotte Danvers and herself were inseparable.

Charlotte was a girl of a most amiable temper, but so extremely fond of *fun*,
and

and *mischief*, that she was continually getting into some disgrace: and as Fanny was frequently persuaded to abet her schemes, she was often unintentionally the cause of her being punished. Though Mrs. K—— was very mild in her method of correcting, one of the teachers was rather *severe*, and as Charlotte, unfortunately, was under her immediate care, she frequently suffered from her displeasure. This lady, who was upwards of *fifty*, was possessed of all the vanity of a girl of *fifteen*; and though she was remarkably clever in her profession, in many other instances, was as strikingly weak. Her person, which was both diminutive and deformed, she absolutely fancied both *pleasing* and *attractive*; and if any gentleman observed her from mere curiosity, attributed it immediately to *admiration*, and *regard*.

Charlotte, who had often been entertained with this foible, resolved to try how far it might be carried, and dictated a letter full of the most ridiculous compliments, which she persuaded one of her brothers to copy and send, signed with the name of an unmarried nobleman, whose seat was within about a mile of the school.

The credulous Miss Belmour, (which was the teacher's name) perused this jargon of nonsense with a sensation of delight; and animated with the thoughts of becoming a *peeress*, requested an immediate audience with the more sagacious superior, who positively assured her, it could only be a *jest*, and concluded some of the girls were the promoters of it.

Though the whole school in general were acquainted with Charlotte's plans, this scheme was only imparted to her friend;

friend; who though she tried to dissuade her against executing it, was resolved never to betray her.

Every girl in the school was examined separately, according to their age, and their standing; and each being innocent of the circumstance, denied the charge, with calmness and composure. Charlotte's summons at length arrived, and she attended with a palpitating heart, resolved to *evade a direct answer*, yet not *daring to avow her guilt*.

Caution or evasion, would neither of them avail, and she was compelled to give a *decided answer* to the question—" *did you, or did you not write the letter?*" and again to the interrogation " *do you know who did?*"

Though deviation from *truth* was not a failing to which Charlotte Danvers was by any means inclined; yet she had not resolution

resolution to confess her crime; and though her conscience accused her, when she made the declaration, she positively asserted her own innocence.

Fanny was then ordered to the tribunal; and trembling with apprehensions for her friend's safety, entered the room with a countenance strongly resembling guilt.

"We need not, I am sure, ask Miss Manwaring any questions," said the angry and indignant female, "for I can trace *guilt* in every *feature*." "We must not, Miss Belmour, *condemn unheard*," said Mrs. K——, viewing her with an eye of pity, "for perhaps she may be able to offer some excuse, and even yet, may be *innocent* of the *crime*." "Did you Miss Manwaring write this letter?" —A *timid*, but a *positive*, "*No Ma'dm*," immediately confused the teacher's assertion;

tion; but when the other question was proposed, a flood of tears was the only reply, either governess or teacher was able to obtain. The latter *threatened*, and the former *soothed*, but both with equal ill success; when Mrs. K——, in a composed tone of voice, desired she would follow her into her own apartment; when taking her with a degree of kindness by the hand, she addressed her in the following and determined manner:—

“ You have been long enough at school, my dear Miss Manwaring, to perceive that where *gentleness* will *reclaim*, I never have recourse to *severity*, and where persuasion will convince, that I never make use of *force*; but *subordination* is necessary in all societies, and every attempt to lessen or destroy it, ought to be treated with *rigorous severity*. I consider Miss Belmour as *my representative*, and receive
an

an affront to *her*, as an *insult to myself*; you certainly are acquainted with the person who has been guilty of this *atrocious action*, and if you do not choose to give me up their *name*, I shall treat you as a person who has offered me an unmerited insult, and who would willingly overturn the good order of society."

Fanny, who was really attached to her governess; and had never, during a three years residence, incurred her displeasure, was unable to bear the weight of her resentment; and throwing herself on her knees, in a paroxism of grief, besought her to revoke the fatal sentence. "I cannot, indeed I cannot," said the agitated, trembling girl, "bear to be *thought* such a worthless creature; neither can I bear to betray a confidence, I promised to *preserve sacred* as my life."

Mrs. K—— raised her affectionately
from

from the ground, and was just going to reply to the declaration, when the door was thrown open, and two strangers entered. One of them gazed with steadfastness on the orphan, and taking her tenderly by the hand, said with a faltering, trembling voice, "Oh, Montague! this must be the child of my beloved unfortunate Louisa." Then turning to Mrs. K——, he requested she would immediately inform him what was the young lady's name. Before the governess had time to reply, Mrs. Woodthorpe rushed into the room, exclaiming, "Ah, sir! there's my *sweet young lady*; and as like she is to her sainted mother, as two peas are in the shell."

Mrs. K——, who knew as much of Fanny's history as Mrs. Woodthorpe was able to relate, concluded her guest was the brother, her mother had mentioned

oned in her illness ; and that his companion was the generous friend who had been the means of her returning from India. In this conjecture she was perfectly right, for upon Mr. Douglas retiring into another room with his niece, he gave her the following affecting anecdote :—

“ Mr. Douglas, the grandfather of her pupil, was a gentleman of birth and fortune in Scotland ; who, from an excessive attachment to cards and dice, involved his wife and children in ruin. His eldest daughter, who was very lovely, he resolved to take over to India ; and immediately upon her arrival in the island, he compelled her to become the wife of an Indian Chief, whose complexion was almost as fair as an European, and a few months after this unfortunate marriage died of a fever incident to the climate.

Cruel,

Cruel, oppressive, suspicious, and overbearing, the ill-fated Louisa's life was one continued scene of wretchedness, until the friend of her brother, accidentally touching at the island, humanely offered to rescue her from tyranny. The caution which was adopted, and the success that attended it, has been related in the former part of the history; but Mr. Douglas never having made any enquiry after his unfortunate sister, proceeded from his being just set out on an European tour, when his friend's letters reached England. The death of the Chief, whose name was Hindos, occurred about two years after the flight of his lovely wife; and as Mr. Montague happened to be the only European in the island, he left his immense riches in his hands; under the hope that he might discover his wife, and offer some restitution for the misery she had endured. A long, lingering, and painful illness, pre-

T

vented

vented the generous Montague from fulfilling this bequest ; but the moment he was able to bear the voyage, he set out in the hope of discovering the fugitive. And though his wishes were disappointed, in regard to the wife, the *child* was living to enjoy his *friendship*.

Though Mr. Douglas was convinced of Mrs. K——'s abilities, and the accomplishments which his niece displayed, were a complete evidence of them ; yet his wish of enjoying her society in future, induced him to engage a private governess, and, in compliance with her request, Mrs. Woodthorpe was hired in the capacity of housekeeper.

The knowledge of possessing such an immense fortune, might have proved injurious to a less humble mind than Fanny's ; but the only value she seemed to attach to *riches*, proceeded from the gratification

tification of relieving the unfortunate, to whom her heart and purse were ever open.

Her uncle, who loved her with the affection of a father, was anxious to see her happily married; and a few days after she became of age, she was united to a nobleman of exalted character. Her felicity as a wife, was of but short duration, as her husband died at the head of his regiment, about four years after her marriage; but her happiness as a mother was permanent and lasting. She died in the forty-fourth year of her age, and her body was buried in Westminster-Abbey, with the following lines engraven on her tomb:—

Inclosed within this sacred urn,
Here virtue's favorite lies;
Follow the path she trod, and learn
The way to reach the skies.

THE END.

Section of the Albany Gazette, published by the Albany Gazette Office, Albany, N.Y., on the 12th day of October, 1864.

This notice, who for the purpose of the Albany Gazette, was published in the Albany Gazette, and a copy of the same was sent to the Albany Gazette Office, Albany, N.Y., on the 12th day of October, 1864.

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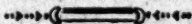
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